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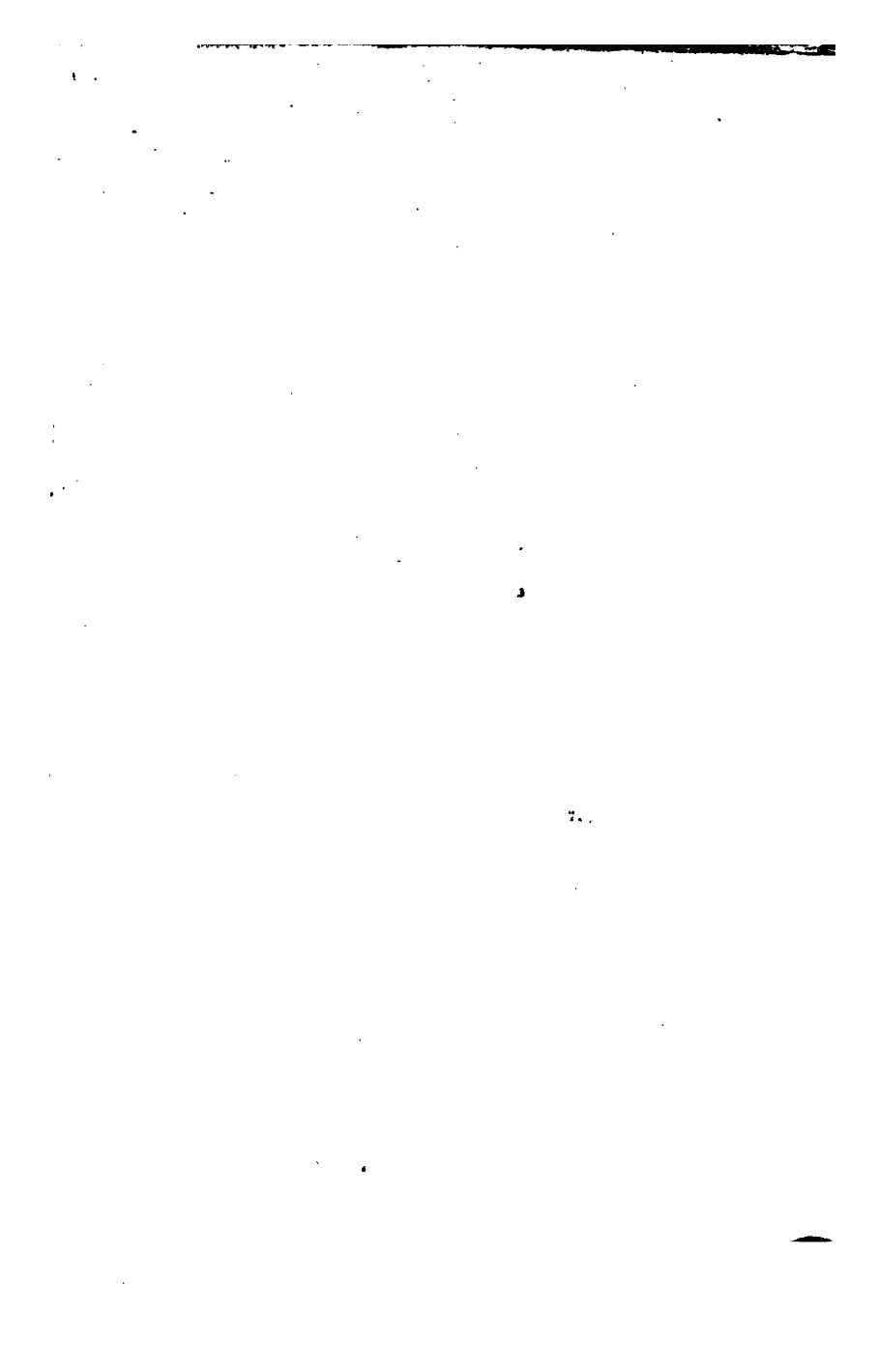


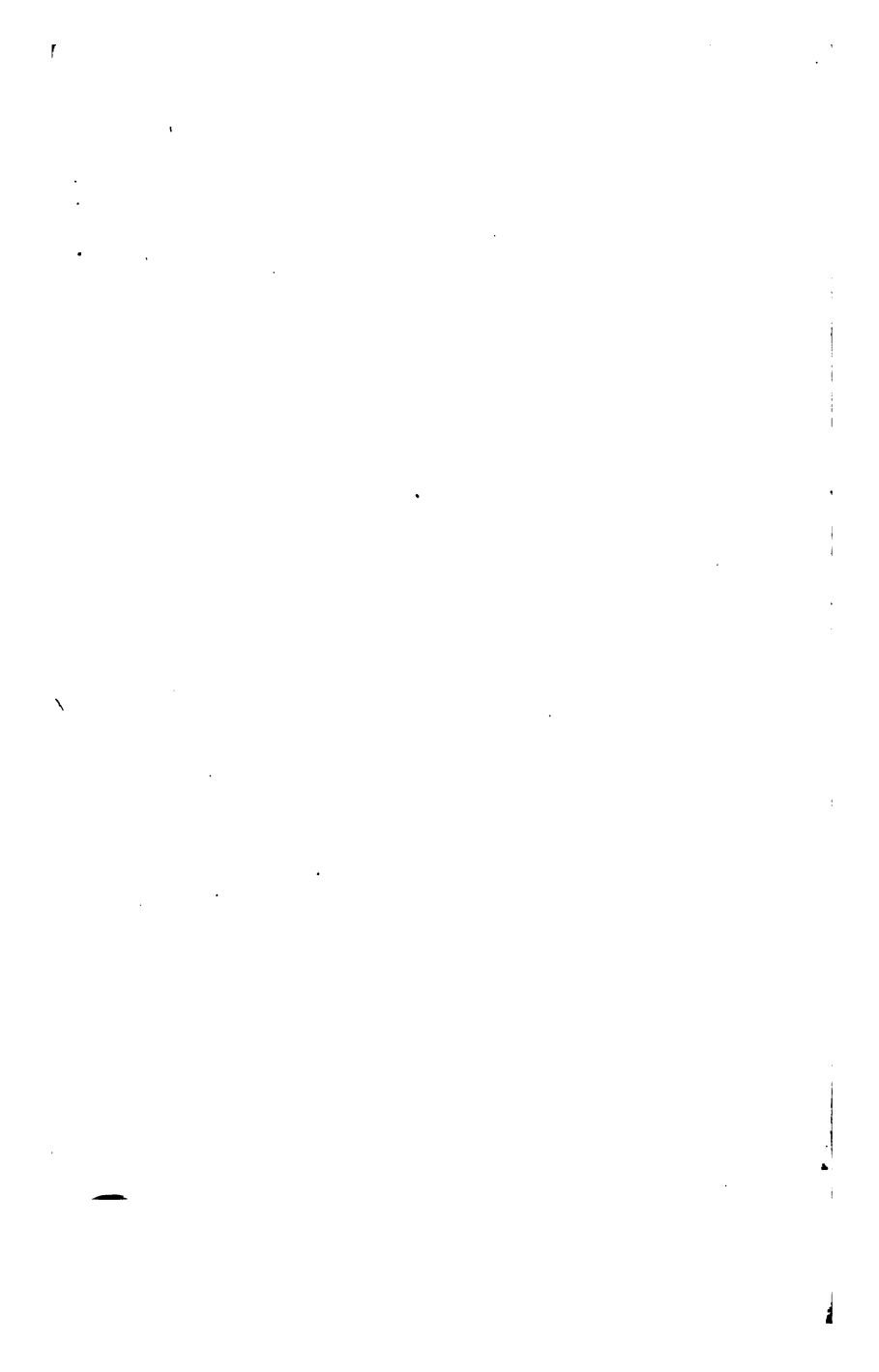
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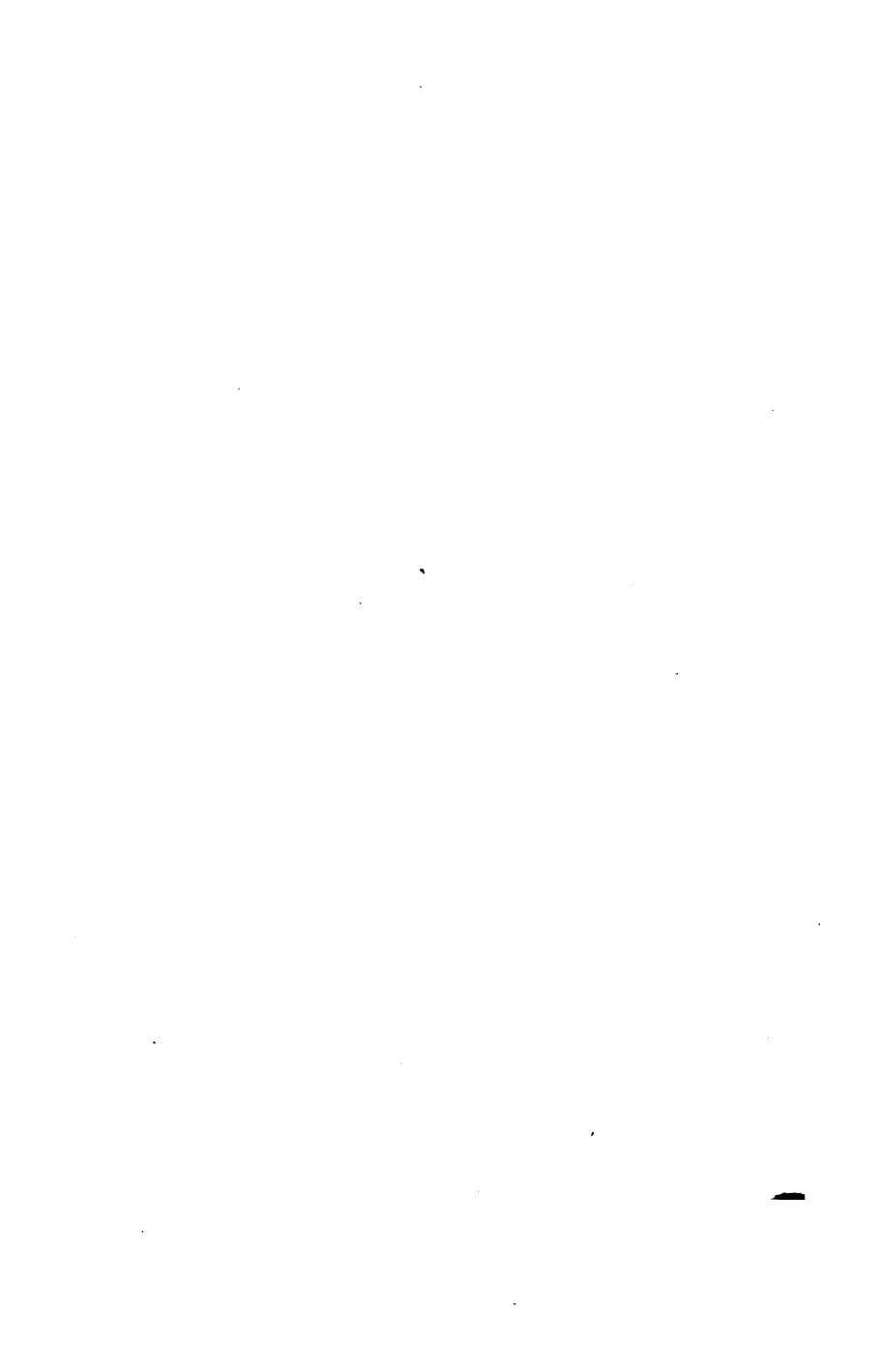
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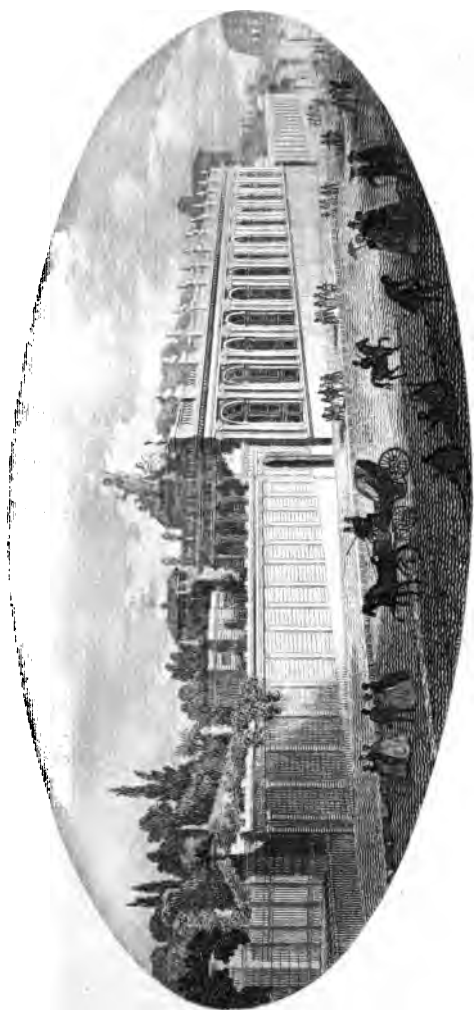
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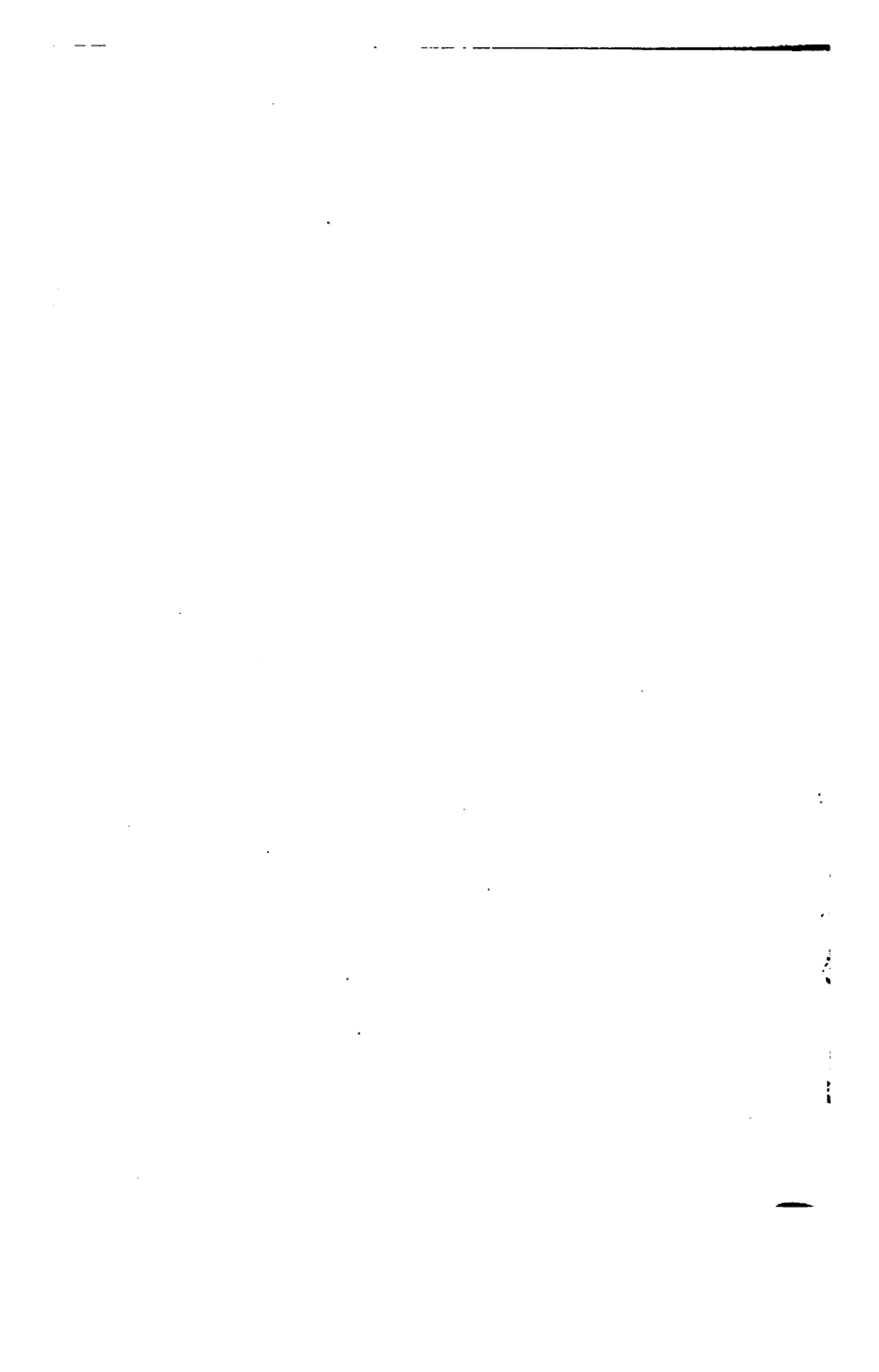
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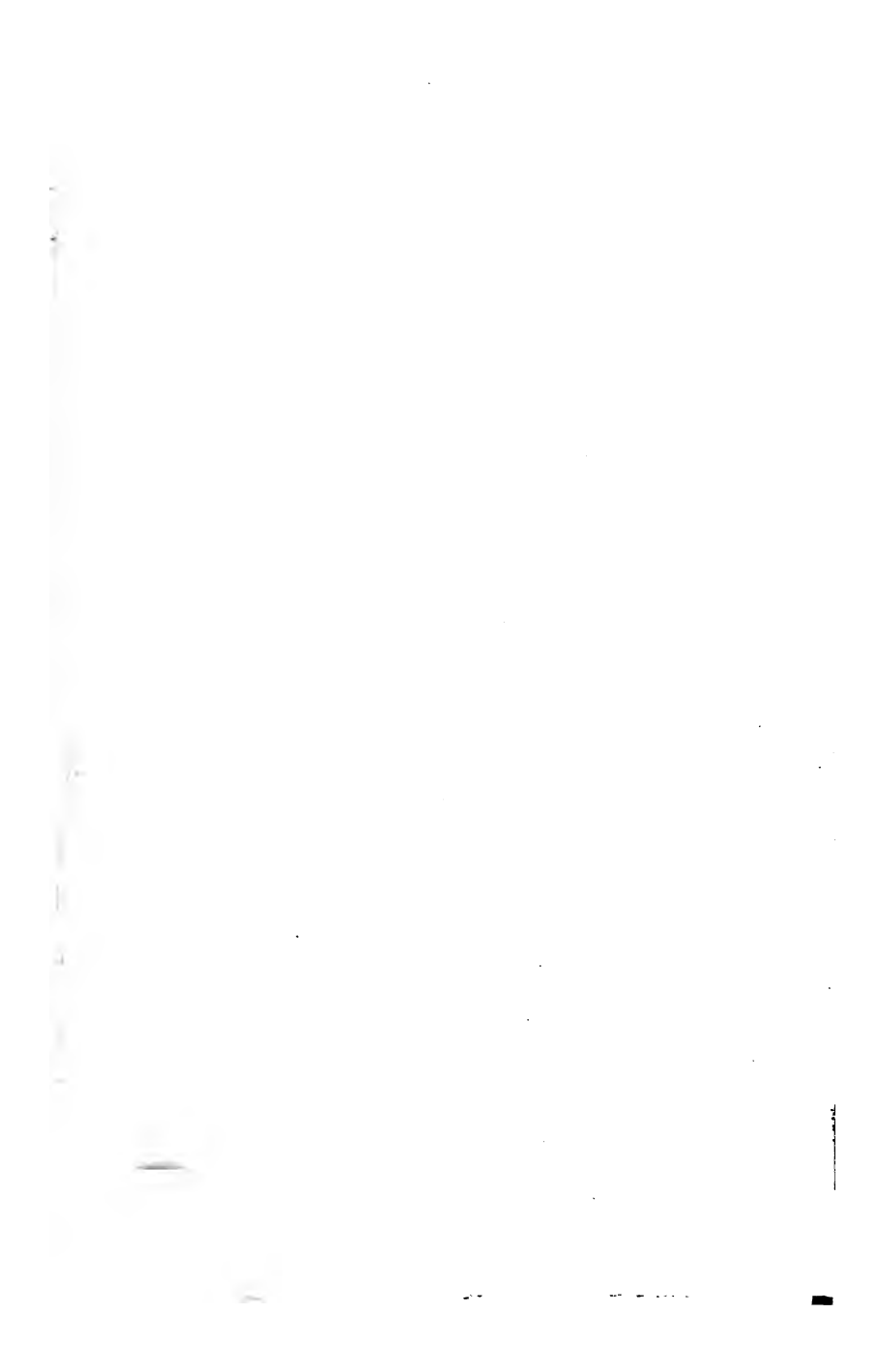
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BEAUTIFUL HOUSES;

Being a *Description of Certain
Well-Known Artistic Houses:*
by Mrs. HAWEIS. With a
Preface.

*"Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculi subiecta."*

Horace.

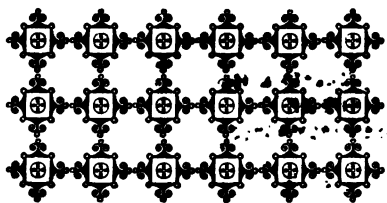


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FOREWORDS

IN the present *Renaissance* of art in *England*, when drefs and decorations of every kind are again studied with scientific ardour, I have thought it well to reprint some descriptions of a few well-known artistic houses, which appeared originally in the *Queen*, 1880-1.

Without holding up any particular style as proper for imitation

tion (which indeed would be far from my desire and my principles), it is serviceable to show that "*beauty lies in many eyes*;" that every style has a beauty and interest of its own; for each bold and original mind evolving its own opinions in its own way, whether in words, or in form and colour, is worthy attention, and is sure to teach us something.

Seeing the work that has been done by others often rouses the power in us to work in a similar spirit, though not necessarily on the same lines.

This, I endeavoured to show in my book the *Art of Decoration*, is the only way to awaken originality,

ality, and give courage to have, and to hold, opinions of one's own—no other opinions being any addition to the world's stock-in-trade.

No house, no book, no picture, no piece of music, is interesting or instructive which is the servile copy of something else. Only the individual character which makes itself felt in it, is of value. The merits and demerits of the particular work will appear in a different light to every student; yet an idea caught here, another there, may bring forth fruit in original work of our own which we might never have done without a hint from outside, as dead
tinder

tinder produces no blaze until a spark fall on it.

Originality is neither rare nor hard to obtain, fearful as are many people to lay claim to it. Originality is like a house built of bricks taken from many places—it is the new disposal of the old bricks which makes the house an original one.

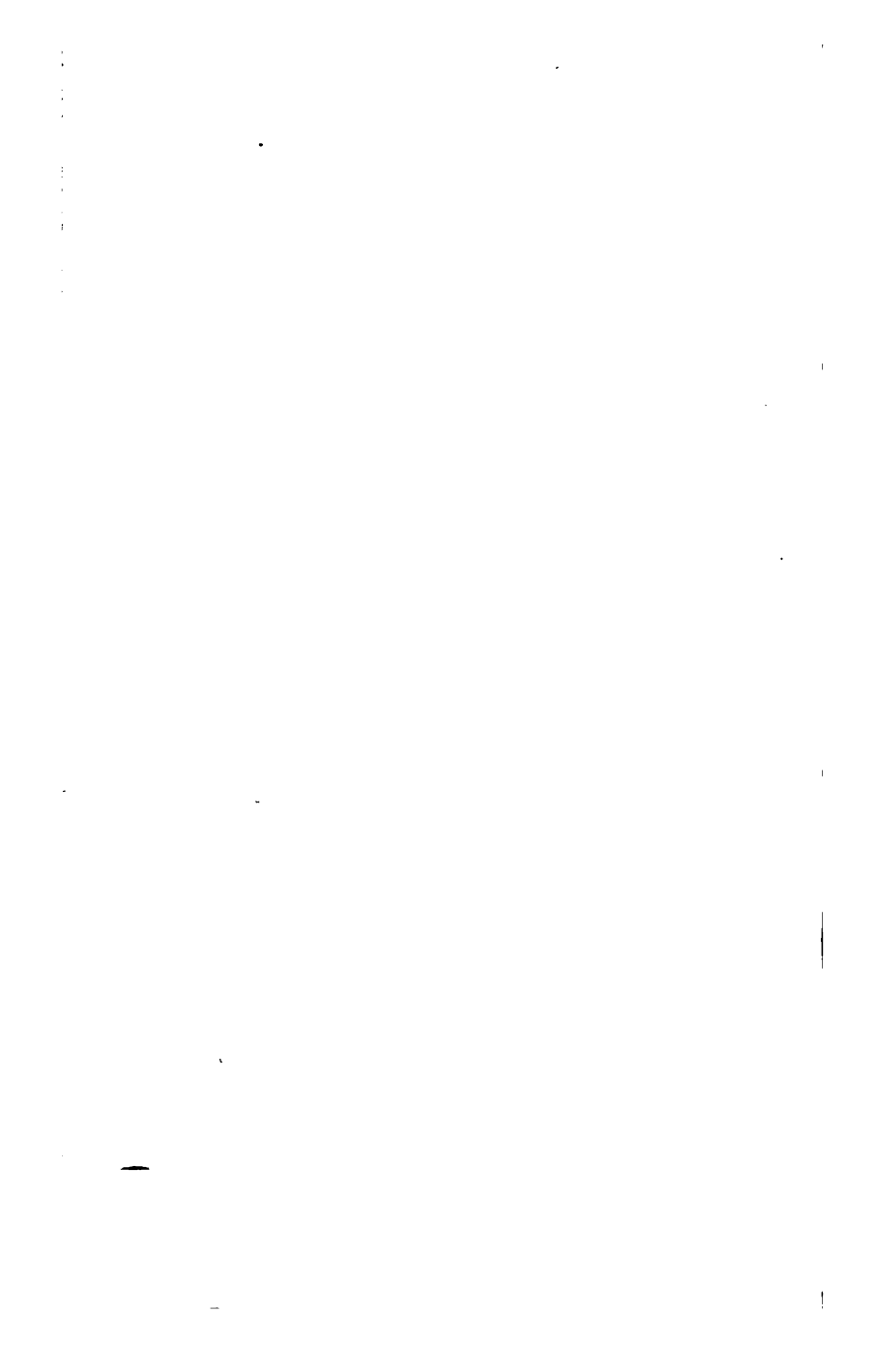
I have, therefore, selected for study and admiration the following houses, of very various and distinctive characters, houses that reflect no well-defined period in art, but which are typical of certain minds, and arranged with exquisite feeling, devotion, and knowledge, or at least with all
the

the skill that money and thought
command in the nineteenth cen-
tury.

The admirable house of the
late lamented *Mr. William*
Burges was unfinished
in many respects
when he
died.

M. E. HAWEIS.







The Contents of this Book.

	PAGE
1. <i>Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S House</i>	1
2. <i>Mr. WILLIAM BURGESS'S House</i>	13
3. <i>Mr. ALMA-TADEMA'S House</i>	23
4. <i>The British Embassy in Rome</i>	34
5. <i>Mr. G. H. BOUGHTON'S House</i>	45
6. <i>Mr. ALFRED MORRISON'S House</i>	53
7. <i>At the Villa Campana</i>	61
8. <i>Mr. REUBEN SASSOON'S House</i>	71
9. <i>Ashley Park</i>	77
10. <i>Mr. HASELTINE'S Rooms</i>	84
11. <i>Mr. STEVENSON'S House</i>	90
12. <i>A Bijou House</i>	99







Beautiful Houses.

I.

Sir Frederick Leighton's House.



E find much that revives the *Italian Renaissance* palace in the house of the *President of the Royal Academy*; yet the colour-

ing of the entrance halls belongs rather to old *Rome* than to the *Rome* of the sixteenth century. Perhaps it is the want of that echoing space, and magnitude of courtyard and stairway peculiar to the *Renaissance* architecture, which suggests the antique time when

B

stairs

stairs and rooms were left, though the main furniture is actually old *Italian*, and the building palpably modern.

Patterns by
Mr. Aitchison.

As we enter the fine red-brick mansion in *Holland Park Road*, built by *Mr. Aitchison*, with its perforated wood fence and high doorway, we find ourselves in a vestibule of calm tone—stone-colour wall, hung with a few drawings—which at once strikes the note of the nineteenth century. Tall, dead black doorways break the wall plane here and there, the jambs and lintels incised with stiff patterns dotted with hollow gilt rosettes, designed by *Mr. Aitchison*. The second hall is spacious, but not vast; and here the richness of colour carries us back to the antique. It is, as it were, the memory, not the fact—a vivid impression projected from a nineteenth-century mind.

A picturesque
staircase.

A stone staircase—about as wide as the flights in the Palaces of the *Cæsars*—of which the carpetless white is pleasant, as well as artistically effective, starts to the right, and ascends three sides of the house. The balustrade is of polished wood, and its brownish tint gives a slight impression of cedar. The design is more *English* than *Italian*.

The quadrangle is paved with mosaic, chiefly black, but relieved by white

white lines and small coloured spaces. Beneath the hollow of the stairs a creamy ceiled nook forms itself, occupied by a sofa. The cream is starred with gold, and on either hand stand fine old specimens of early *Italian* in-laying, in stained woods and ivory in wood, forming a soft cedar-like background—here a cabinet and chairs, there a great *caffone* raised on iron brackets and held by brazen bands, or, where necessary, an *Egyptian* jug of red copper, marks the balance of form ^{Use of an Egyptian jug;} or accentuates an angle. The points of strong colour needed are furnished by a peacock perched upon the balustrade, the sun sweeping the rainbow ^{and of a peacock;} purples of its drooping tail, and in the centre of the pavement by the brightness of an *Indian* brazen font, or ^{and of Indian} cauldron, that concentrates the *coup* ^{brass.} *d'œil*, burning like a flame.

The main feature of the house is this gradual progress and ascent to the studio, and the arrangement of the ground floor, where hall opens out of hall, reviving now antique, now mediæval, now *Renaissance Italy*, from *Florence* to *Rome*, down through regal *Naples*, on to *Cairo* itself; and yet it is not *Rome*, nor *Sicily*, nor *Egypt*, but a memory, a vision seen through modern eyes.

*Hall of
Narcissus.*

*Use of a
Neapolitan
bronze.*

Turning aside from the foot of the stairs, we pass through peacock-green arches, with deep gold incisions, into the third Hall, called of *Narcissus*, which strikes a full deep chord of colour, and deepens the impression of antique magnificence. A bronze statuette of the fair son of *Cephus*, from that in the *Naples* Museum, stands in the midst of it. Here the walls are deepest sea-blue tiles, that shades make dark; the floor is pallid (the well-known mosaic of the *Cæsars'* palaces), and casts up shimmering reflected lights upon the greeny-silver ceiling, like water itself. There is something poetic and original in thus echoing here and there the points in the story of *Narcissus*—not repeating point-blank the hackneyed tale, or showing the fair boy adoring his mirror'd self in the "*lily-paven lake*," but just recalling it piecemeal—the lilies in the pavement, the shining lake above, and all the joy and sorrow, the luxury and pain of his loneliness and aberration, told by the colours, the purple and the gloom, and by the boy's own attitude.

*Dark
colours well
used.*

There is undoubtedly here an imperial stateliness and strength of flavour; and the silence is like a throne. The deep shades of the corners are filled with tarsia work and porcelain; but, as
in

in a well-coloured picture, these are absolutely subservient; and the impression given is purple, like a Greek midnight, circling round a point of softest green (the bronze boy), and falling into a warm grey on the floor.

But further on—beyond this vestibule—dwells the fun! and here springs up the lovely dome as of the *Alhambra*, made of the dust of the earth, but quickened by the rainbow, even as man's body sprang from dust and received a soul. People who have not a real sense of colour cannot understand the joy in it of those who have. Fine colour comes like food, like joyful news, like fresh air to fainting lungs—*Arab colour.* it is invigorating; and in the far-back *Arabian* days, a scheme of colour was perfected than which nothing in this world can be more gladfome. I remember as a child the heart-elevation and the awe with which I used to peep into the model of the *Alhambra* at the *Crystal Palace* before the fire destroyed it; and the *Arab* hall in this fine house, *The Arab Hall.* without being at all like the *Alhambra* in detail, gives the grand impression which *Eastern* art awakes in many minds.

To catalogue the features singly which make up the august whole would be mistaken, as well as needless. We
see

Fine alhacen.

White against red.

Whitewater and green water.

Red Devonshire spar.

Capitals by Mr. Aitchison.

see no flower's beauty better for disfecting it. But there are points of interest in it which may be mentioned singly—the delicate tracery of the lattices brought bodily from the *East*, and which rise to right and left, having the complexity and colour of the skeleton of a leaf, and guarded by glass outside; the fine *alhacen* of carved wood which lines the central alcove facing us, with its four rare *Persian* enamels of women's figures, and its shelves of *Persian* plates; the brilliant little windows that break the sunshine into scarlet and gold and azure flame; the snow-white columns of marble that stand against red at every angle; the fountain that patters and sings in its pool of chrysolite water—most perfect *colophon* to all the colours and the outer heat. Again and again we wander round and enjoy the tofs of its one white jet from a bed of water wherein descending ridges step-wise have the semblance of the emerald facets of a great green stone.

The hall takes the form of a Greek cross, with slender columns as aforefaid at the angles, set against rose-red slabs. But the entrance is flanked with columns of a larger girth, made of red marble, with golden capitals designed by *Mr. Aitchison*. The walls are lined with

with *Syrian* azulejos of soft and vary-^{*Syrian*}
 ing blue and white arranged in panels, ^{*azulejos.*}
 surmounted by a broad frieze, as yet
 unfinished, designed by *Walter Crane*, ^{*Frieze by*}
 in a beautiful running pattern of fawns ^{*Walter*}
 and vines, carried out in gold *Venice* ^{*Crane.*}
 mosaic. Above it rise courses of black ^{*Black and*}
 and white marble, and above again the ^{*white.*}
 golden dome.

Over the entrance we see the over-
 hanging black of the *Zenana* we have
 not yet visited, that *Eastern* nest that
 juts like a closed-in balcony high up
 the wall. Between it and the doorway
 lies a great purple panel blazoned with
 a verse of the *Koran* in *Arabic*, and
 through the arch we see the distant
 staircase winding beyond the purple
 shadows of the intervening hall.

Passing back from a *Moorish* dream
 to *England*, we are tempted into the
 drawing-room, opening to the left
 through coal-black doors. A comfort-
 able room, more orthodox than the
 outer magnificence leads one to expect.
 The brown wall is covered with pictures,
 many of them of great interest, all by
 men of calibre. Indeed, *Sir Frederick*
Leighton's collection of pictures is a
 study in itself. Several *Constables*, a
 lovely *Mason* (the first *English* scene
 that *Mason* painted), and some half-
 dozen *Corots* are gems in themselves.

The

Window
over a
mantelpiece.

Picture set
in the ceil-
ing.

Venetian
glass.

The fireplace is a quaint feature; the mantelpiece is of plain white marble, incised with tall reed plants, and very low, immediately beneath a window giving upon the broad pleasant garden behind the house. The big trees veil without concealing the red-brick domiciles of several brother artists who are crowding round their president. Here the twitter of spring birds, and the colours of spring buds may be enjoyed during the pleasing process of toasting one's toes. Another window of bay form gives upon a side lawn. This bay is ceiled with stone-colour, enclosing a circular picture by *De la Croix* (the study for the ceiling picture in the *Palais Royal*, destroyed by the fires of the *Commune*), and the quiet colours draw warm reflections from the external red brick. On either side this bay hang two of the set of four *Seasons* by *Corot*; and the modern easy chairs, with a few pretty old cabinets and perpendicular rows of *Persian* plates, form a cosy drawing-room, of which the *cachet* is mainly *French*. It is lighted at night by candelabra of *Venetian* glass.

Hence opens the dining-room, which is rather more architectural in character. The colouring is warm, somewhat dark, consisting of a deep red wall, oak mantelpiece

mantelpiece and chairs (the last covered with brown leather), and a big ebonized sideboard, designed by Mr. Aitchison. Sideboard by Mr. Aitchison. The blackness of this latter is broken by a crowd of china on its shelves, blue *Nankeen* and old *English*, which tell pale, and by a pretty little silver coffee service of *Turkish* work. China on black.

On either side the mantelpiece stand a pair of curious old *Arab* chairs, wide, square, and so high in the seat, that a footstool forms part of the construction. They are made of open canework, and panels of looking-glasses are affixed upon the backs and arms—fit to reflect back the rows of jewels and broidery that might have adorned the shoulders of their fair first owners. Mirrors fitted on Arab chairs.

Above the door the inscription "*Profit*" greets us like a good omen. We peep into a pleasant den or writing-room, of which an immense picture of *Tintoretto's* school, a big bureau, and various drawings by the old masters form the chief features. One of the latter is curious, as it seems to be the original draught by *Raphael* for one of his pictures now in the possession of *Lady Burdett-Coutts*—at any rate, it is very old, and has been used for tracing purposes, as the pin holes are visible. Lastly, we ascend the white stone stairs, which wind like a treble passage out of Musical colour.

*Caffone
serving as a
divan.*

The Zenana.

*A divided
arch.*

of bats chords. A few steps up we pass a fair divan of dainty colours, laid on that great *cassone* raised up as afore-said, which makes a pleasant break in the line of balustrade. There *Juno* might rest on her way to *Apelles'* studio, her own peacock at her right hand as she sat. We pass many pictures deserving longer scrutiny, for the wall is covered with them. A great *Sir Joshua, Tintoret, Legros, Watts*, a whole gallery of splendid heads, among which the *President* himself greets us before we see him in the flesh; and as we reach the first floor, we may peep from the *Zenana* down into the *Arab* hall beneath. But time presses, and the birth-place of so many fine works awaits a word, for the actual surroundings of power have always a deep interest, and are not without their effect on the power which gathered them together.

The studio is a great room, connected by a divided arch from one smaller, wherein are kept the necessary, surely not unsightly, tools of art, paint-brushes, tubes, canvasses, &c. An *Eastern* carpet cuts the arch between into two sections. The supreme decoration of the *atelier* are the studies in progress, and it is difficult to observe narrowly the subservient *milieu*, however charming and appropriate, whilst

whilst loveliness, such as never man saw—save perhaps *Lionardo*, and that in his dreams—before *Leighton*, breathes upon the easels, and carries us into an *Arcadia* where the music of the free hills and streams was in the shepherd's pipe, the freedom of the bird and the flower in the maidens' hearts.

A great screen, covered with rugs, stands by the door, over which runs the *Parthenon* frieze in plaster. *The Parthenon frieze.*

A big table, and beneath it another covered with books and portfolios, is close by. *Table beneath a table.*

A divan under the north window is littered with works of art, bits of fayence and *Bristol* pottery, among *Greek* fragments and sketches in plaster as good as *Greek* by the now living hand—here a terra-cotta cat, modelled with vigour and understanding, by a young artist, *Miss A. Chaplin*, of *Sidney Street*, and *Leighton's* own small model of the "*Athlete*," &c. *Terra cotta.* A big cheval-glass, and a comfortable lumber of chairs, books, pots, and "*generally-usefuls*," recalls rather the old-fashioned painting-room than the modern show studio; the president himself, in his velvet coat, standing at his easel, palette on thumb, brush in hand, gives us the kindest mark of confidence possible in an artist, so that the whole room feels like a happy and auspicious workroom,

*A panther
skin.*

*Leighton's
pictures.*

workroom, as it is. We might catalogue a tablecloth here, a bit of brags, and a panther skin beyond; but what matter these? Again and again the eye returns to what it did not come to chronicle. For several years we have not had from *Leighton's* brush the rich luminous flesh tints, the gorgeous mould of maiden with dreaming eyes, and the wonderful strength and gladness in her quiet limbs — hardly since the "*Summer Moon*" was painted—until now.* Sweet opal visions we have had, but not the transmigration of our spirit into a land of peace and health and beauty and innocence; fair moonlight ghosts have passed before us, but not such as these,
who might have
breathed—
when?

* The picture alluded to is that entitled "*Idyll.*"
Mr.



II.

Mr. William Burges's House.



HE fly in amber cannot be called happy, because he is dead ; but if we could conceive a live fly in such a bright and glowing home, it is im-

possible but he must enjoy himself, given a door and food. How the sun-beam would strike through upon his golden bed, and, meeting some fleck or flaw on the way, would raise it to a new charm by prismatic hues of changing beauty. What money, joined to taste, may do with a house, we may learn in No. 9, *Melbury Road*. Fortunes have been spent with good results in more than one of the quaint red mansions in this favoured street ; but effects

*Dread of
bright
colour.*

*Round
tower.*

effects comparable to those of *Mr. Burges* have seldom been attained in nineteenth-century *England*, partly because we are infected with an honest dread of bright colour (founded on inability to deal with it), partly because no common brain could evolve them. *Mr. Burges* is perhaps our best authority on mediæval architecture and decoration; and his own house is built on mediæval precedent, even to the thirteenth-century round tower which marks it, and it is a forcible protest against fashionable gloom.

Our first impression on entering is one of brightness, joyousness, strength. The door entry and hall are quiet in tone; but as we proceed, more and more colour and light gleam out, until the climax breaks upon us in gold and vermillion. The whole scheme is mediæval, the work is mainly modern. The combinations of the old with the new world are quaint, often humorous, but not incongruous. Against the walls, coloured after the early manner, only traceable now beneath the white-wash in old cathedrals, works of art of standard beauty and dignity are placed. But the bronzes and pictures and precious stones are not used, as in most wealthy houses, as a mere show; they are made according to *Mr. Burges's* principles

principles to subserve a purpose, as I shall explain; and that, not mere colour, as in *Sir Frederick Leighton's* house, but thoughts: and as in ancient times, when art really took the place of our literature, free press, and cultured converse, everything about us represents a story or an idea which sets the mind running, pleasing the eye and the mind together. In old *England* a chest or press or fresco was valuable not only intrinsically, but because it was a constant source of interest, an ornament and a topic. Now, alas! when our heads and hands are already overfull of printed matter, we have but scant time to recall the sweet old stories, fairy tales, *Greek* legends, songs, merry quips and satires, which smile at us from every panel and border in this *Aladdin's* palace.

Stories on panels.

Where we shall begin, and wherefore we should ever end, is now the question. The door entry is red brick, like the house, and we forget to ring the bell because the letter-box is too fascinating, a bronze bas-relief representing a figure of *Mercury*, whose tunic is powdered with letters.

Bronze bas-relief for letter-box.

A bronze door, which sends our spirit straightway to *Florence* and *Ghiberti*, we pass with a sigh for more time as we enter the hall. This is painted

A bronze door.

*Hall painted
in mediæval
fashion.*

*Fine
coloured
window.*

*Symbols
above the
doors.*

*No useless
ornament.*

painted in lines like blocks—a pattern common in old churches (we must remember the churches mirrored the palaces, and such patterns had no ecclesiastical significance), with a great window of very fine glass, representing the four quarters of the day. Four vast bells, wherefrom issue the spirits of the bells, tocs and ring in the sky. Morning, noon, twilight, and gloomy night succeed each other; the stars and planets, ruled by the great law of progression, are depicted with mediæval *naïveté*, as caught in the hands of the spirits of time. The colouring of the window is very brilliant, but the walls are quiet and cool in colour. Over each of the various doors which open thence a directing sign is stencilled. One door leading to the garden has a flower, the main door a great key, the dining-room door the sign of good cheer, the library door the sign of learning, the drawing-room that of love—to which the room is fancifully dedicated, all the inner decoration relating thereto. Columns of marble support the upper story; we see a small table or two; a bracket, whereon is written *Dante's* motto, "*Vita Nuova*," in large letters, supports a yellow vase; but there is a noticeable absence of useless ornaments, pots, plates, and such like accessories; only

only one or two really needed for flowers appear. A convex mirror of unusual size hangs breast-high on one side. On the mosaic floor strive *Thebes* and the *Minotaur* in hard battle.

The dining-room, yet unfinished, is walled with *Devonshire* marbles; the mantelpiece built high into the wall. On either side cabinets or sideboards inclose the precious drinking-vessels which those who have had the privilege of dining with *Mr. Burges* know the pleasure (and pain) of handling. Cups of jade, knife-handles, goblets of silver and rock-crystal set with gems and quaint work, cameos, pearls, turquoise—cups such as that which *Glaucus* gave to the gambler *Clodius*, antique mother-o'-pearl flagons with a long pedigree and full of beauty, crowd the little shelves. The library, dedicated to the arts and sciences, is a blaze of gold and colour. Everything which is not precious *per se* is made so by skill and thought. The mantelpiece has become celebrated; like everything else, it is designed by the owner, carved in stone. The shelf contains, in among the foliage, the letters of the alphabet. Below is the precious letter H, which has dropped out of their set. The wretched defterter is found stuck to the *Mexican* onyx plaque far below, his glorious body

Knives with jewelled handles. Rock crystal goblets, &c.

A mantelpiece, carved humorously with the alphabet.

Mexican onyx plaques.

c

taken

taken from him, and only his original skeleton, and that crooked, is left.

Bookcases painted with the trades, alphabetically.

The alphabet is differently treated in another place—the bookcases, whose golden panels shadow forth the trades, each according to the precedence of the letter—F, for the founder, who is founding bells; B, for the bricklayer; G, the glazier, who joys in his work, holding it up to the light; A, the architect, *Aladdin's* self! Another bookcase has some charming panels, which were all painted by men of note, now Academicians; the daintiest little borders, friezes, wreaths, appear, made of butterflies, flowers, shells, and fishes, &c., some conventionalized, some *au naturel*. Among the grave the comic peeps. Here we see insects fighting viciously, there the spider spinning *with a distaff*—mediæval feeling again—or we have plaques of marble and onyx let in to drawers and doors. Such is the use which *Aladdin* makes of the painter's art; such was the mediæval use.

Conventional and naturalistic ornament both allowable.

The ceiling of the drawing-room is most elaborate, like those of *Italian* palaces. This room gives on the most charming lawn, full of huge trees, a relic of *Old Kensington*, the flower-beds planned according to those pleasaunces depicted in mediæval romances; beds
of

A mediæval pleasaunce.

of scarlet tulips, bordered with stone fencing, and in the middle a mosaic pavement with seats and a fountain.

Up a narrow winding stair of stone, lighted with coloured windows and protected by soft curtains, we reach the bedrooms. What bedrooms! The guest chamber is made of fire and flowers. That is to say, the bed, toilet-table, washstand, cabinets, are all plain gold. The shutters are plain gold. The windows glow with colours such as the *Alhambra* has. Through *Moorish* trellis-work these colours shine, the subjects being only visible by scrutiny. What is not pure gold is crystal; the knobs on the bedposts, the shelves of the tables, scintillate with facets. The whole room is like an ancient shrine or reliquaire.

The walls are painted with a deep frieze of flowers, growing *au naturel*, which relieves the mass of gold by myriad tints. When we have breath our eye is caught by one of the cupboards, whereon *Socrates* is seen teaching an eager boy; above, *Xantippe*, leaning out of window, is just cooling their enthusiasm for science with her ewer. *Martin Luther* is there too, with the troublesome devil, who tickles him with a peacock's feather. *Aristotle*

*Frieze of
flowers au
naturel.*

is there, ridden by a most seductive maid, who beckons to *Alexander* above. Below, rabbits and foxes sport, and flowers grow everywhere. A bookshelf of gold holds the books the fair inhabitant is to read. The kind of furniture loved by *Mr. Burges* may be best understood by the exact description of one piece—say the washstand.

*A beautiful
washstand.*

Up to now a washstand has seemed an impertinent sort of affair, to be kept out of sight; but here we have a gem fit to splash at all day in poetic enjoyment. It is of gold, with fragments of bright stones and shells inlaid; those called "*Venus's ears*" have been largely used. Every blank space is carved minutely in flowers, beautifully tinted, and we discern a lizard or two and some butterflies among them. Thick crystals inclose small shelves, where a scent bottle, some hundreds of years old, and a toothpowder receptacle, some thousands, nestle and shine. Marble plates receive the soap. A fine bronze, which most of us would place on some table for ornament, here makes itself useful—a bull, from whose throat ajar the water pours into a *Brescia* basin, inlaid with silver fishes.

*Antique
bronzes
utilized for
handles, &c.*

How do you get the water in? See you that other bronze, a tortoise, which seems to creep beyond the bull's fell reach

reach—it is a plug; twist him round and the bull fills the basin. Such is the use which *Aladdin* makes of bronzes, and I beg to add that the lapis and amber and crystal and marble are not papier-maché and glazed chalk—they are the real thing. On one washstand we read the quaint inscription from *Chaucer*, "*This is the mirrour perillus on which the proude Narcissus sey all his faire face bright.*" *Motto for a washstand.* In unexpected places little taps and handles shine forth, made of coral or silver, with uncut stones enfixed therein.

Aladdin's own room and his bed are quite unlike the *Golden Chamber*. The room is almost wholly scarlet. Around the walls runs a cornice of conventional waves full of fishes, which in some places are almost deceptive in glitter; these are life-size. I fell quite in love with one mackerel; but I gave him up for a syren, who combs her yellow hair over the fireplace. More cupboards and dressing-tables, crowded with precious flasks of gold and cloisonné, detached us from the syren; and the scarlet bed with its tall head-piece, painted by *Henry Holiday* with the *Sleeping Beauty*, a very charming production, rooted us to the spot. *A bedstead painted by Henry Holiday.*

It cannot be gainsaid that this superb house, which has the rare advantage of having

*Condensed
Subject.*

having been built and adorned inside and out by the same master-mind, is, with all its eccentricities, a beautiful and pleasing habitation. There is always room for criticism; we might opine that here is a little too much colour, or condensed subject; there, a too rare material which would render an ordinary owner wretched if it were not taken care of, and the children wretched if it were—hence perhaps it is hardly suited to its position in the house. But, as a specimen of what genius can do now, as ever, treated with true poetic feeling as well as fun, and an illustration of the proper meaning and use of beautiful works of art, *Mr. Burgess's* house is a treat to the eye and a lesson to the mind. Beauty is to be seen compatible with comfort; and we mourn as we remember how many wealthy nobles spend as much or more on building and decoration, without attaining any considerable effect at all.

Mr.



III.

Mr. Alma-Tadema's House.



K I N D L Y *Salve—a motto for an entrance.*

"*Salve*" greets the visitor who passes up the garden, banked with blue lobelias, of *Townshend House, Regent's Park*, and disarms the

threatening grin of the brazen knocker, moulded from an antique mask. What a relief it is in these days to find individuality—and that of the highest order—guiding the plenteous elements of beauty which modern skill at home and the now accessible foreign markets place within easy reach, as *Phaeton* guided the rampant horses of the sun ! It is not sufficient to buy a number of beautiful antiques and foreign goods—you must know how to combine them well,

An antique brazen mask used as a knocker.

*Vestibule
formed by
opened doors.*

well, or the result may be most distressing. Individuality asserts itself in every nook and cranny of *Townshend House*, from the softly-coloured entrance passage—blocked by two bluish doors, which open from two side rooms to right and left, and forming a little vestibule, refuse admittance till the cloaks have been left in one of them—to the last touch in the topmost *Dutch* bedroom.

These two opposing doors are charmingly painted with portraits of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Alma-Tadema*, in gold medallions, and whichever room we elect to enter, we find soft couches and strange effects. The right-hand room has bookshelves and writing-table, the left-hand one offers tea and coffee in a snug wee corner. This room, too, is the shrine of *Mr. Alma-Tadema's* greatest and most pathetic masterpiece, the "*Death of the Firstborn*," a picture which some pains on the part of the author recovered from the greedy clutches of the outer world, and replaced where it is always best seen and most thoroughly appreciated—in his own house. It hangs in a strange murky light, befitting its subject. We catch sight of a cottage piano of somewhat quaint form, embellished by paintings by *Mrs. Alma-Tadema*, among them a few notes of the early music to the mediæval lay,

*A painted
pianoforte.*

"*Summer*"

"*Summer is a cumin in*," and then we pass into a second little room, painted in two whites—bluish white and cream white—as to wainscot, which rises up to about six feet from the ground. Above it the wall is covered with *Spanish* leather. The panels of this pale wainscot are painted with pretty subjects, like narrow glimpses of larger pictures. Beyond opens a conservatory, where tall plants stand, and a stone tank, after the *Roman* fashion, catches the intermittent stream of water from a small mask, almost hidden at one side. A hammock of *Indian* grass suspended across the conservatory suggests a sleepy book on some hot, idle day.

As we turn away from this little den, palm leaves, hammock, *Chinese* lanterns and all, we pass up the rather narrow winding staircase, hung with *Morris's* pomegranate paper, flanked below with a dado-like covering of dark brown *batiste*. Above stairs there is a complete contrast to the many-doored ground floor; there are no doors at all, and this apparent publicity in the dwelling rooms gives the house an *Oriental* character totally unusual. *Persian* and *Chinese* hangings, semi-transparent, fall in soft folds where the doors ought to be; our host meets us at the first curtain, our hostess at the second or third, as
may

*Motto for a
piano-forte.*

*Panel
painted with
subjects.*

*Absence of
doors.*

may be. *Mr. Alma-Tadema* has all the *Dutch* fondness for nooks and crannies, little rooms opening into other little rooms, with unexpected glimpses of further rooms in effective sequence.

*Antique
panels of
rosewood and
oak.*

*A latticed
window.*

*Whiteness
corrected by
deep shadows*

*A delicately
ridged arch
between two
rooms,*

The first room we enter carries us bodily back to *Holland* in the seventeenth century. It might be the parlour of some remote ancestor of our host. Panels of old oak and rosewood, of capital construction, run around the room (which is small), and enclose a single small convex mirror about breast-high, before which stands a table. It is lighted by a window of latticed glass, having shutters of dark wood guarded by charming metal work on the right hand. The wall above the wainscot is painted white, or nearly so, and glides into the arched mediæval ceiling, also white. This whiteness would be disagreeable were it not broken and softened by deep broad shadows of niche and shelving surfaces—one or two old *Dutch* portraits of quaint forgotten people. Blue and white pots and old *German* glass crowd the shelves here, and busts of our host and hostess, by *Dalou* and *Amendola*, occupy various pedestals. The second room, to which we pass through an arch of classic construction, in wood, modelled to a design of *Mr. Alma-Tadema's* in delicately

delicately cut ridges and cornice, is completely different. The arch is surmounted by two openings cut through the wall, which form a shelf for more china, and, pushing aside a *Chinese* curtain of blue and yellow satin, gold-embroidered, we find ourselves in a room which recalls late *Roman* luxury.

The floor is inlaid with a parquetry of ebony and maple of elegant design (not dangerously glazed), on which lie carpets. On one side stands a chair that *Dante's Beatrice* might have sat in; on the other a couch, rich with *Oriental* broderies. The wainscot of this room, covered with a *Byzantine* pattern, is carried up about five feet, with a shelving cornice, which may support a light fan or little pot; above, all is plain unvarnished gold, leaf by leaf laid over the whole wall and ceiling. Between the two runs a line of what seems delicatest carved ivory, mounted in ebony, the minute replica of the *Parthenon* frieze. This runs all round the room, and is not stopped by the mantelshelf. Beneath, the fireplace is screened by a peacock with spread tail. The window—for which no glass were quaint enough, as it forms the background to the delicate colours of the instrument, and to the head of the pianist—is formed of panes of *Mexican* alabaster,

*surmounted
by openings
which form
shelves.*

*The Parthe-
non frieze,
ivory in
ebony.*

*Window
panes of
Mexican
alabaster.*

alabaster, wherein the tender veins of brown contend with semi-translucent white ; and the leading of these charming panes fantastically describes the initials of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Alma-Tadema*, "*L. A. T.*," again and again.

*Mr. Alma-Tadema's
pianoforte.*

But even here we are not permitted to be feverely *Roman*. The advantages of the nineteenth century are wisely admitted. The "*ego*" is distinctly felt. There is no furniture in this sumptuous little room, save the sparse seats, and the grand piano, of which all the world has heard, designed by the owner, made by *Broadwood*, and which is as full as everything else in his house of his singular and original taste. Cedar, ivory, and fine brass—*Solomon* himself, had he lived in the days of such musical instruments, would not have disdained such a gift from the *Queen of Sheba's* hands. The very screw nails which rivet part to part, in lieu of the single cut to admit the screw-driver, wear a little *L T* on their favoured heads. The delicate chafing and details, and the whole redeemed design, answer the idle cry that a pianoforte can never be an artistic object, and show that it can, if knowledge of art and mechanical construction are both brought to bear on it. The interest of its beauty is heightened by the autographs of celebrated
brated

brated pianists, who have inscribed their names on the parchment inside the lifting flap, after performance on the keys. Running one within another, two more rooms have to be crossed before we reach the painting-room. One is mantled in crimson velvet from *Venet walls.* *Venice, Persian appliqué* work, which found its way to *Italy* during some remote "loot." The ceiling is yellow, a fine design. A curious threadlike stencil surmounts the velvet. Here we find a definite fire-side, such as mortals love, and easy chairs and sofas, all singular and beautiful, and by no means ascetic after the affected fashion of the present day among some enthusiasts. A picture of *Mrs. Alma-Tadema*, by her husband, hangs in one corner.

Ascending three bright brazen steps, *Braze, used for steps, for its colour.* we reach at last the painting-room. We find a square *Pompeian*-looking apartment, full of shelves at one end, wherein innumerable "*draperies*" lie rolled up, but protruding just enough to be distinguished. The woodwork of these shelves is painted pale yellow, and on this ground various fantastic ornaments have been painted by *Mr. Alma-Tadema*. Here it is a sleeping man, there strange white birds with unmanageable length of limb strut or doze. The wall, decorated after the *Pompeian*

Pompeian taste, is chiefly dark in tones, but panels of yellow and red do not destroy the unity.

It is remarkable that *Mr. Alma-Tadema* can afford to be independent of the "*fashion*"—æsthetic or vulgar—so fully, that he has actually done without a *Norwich* stove. The fire-place in the painting-room is of a modern round shape, certainly not *Queen Anne*, and still less classical, but it looks right there. The ceiling is very rich, designed by the same hand as all the stencils and ornaments in the house. The deep *Pompeian* red, with many-coloured arabesques, encloses panels and medallions of light blue, &c., on which the gods and goddesses disport—*Apollo* driving his chariot in the midst, amid the golden rays of the sun. The easels stand in a row, the pictures lighted with gas, each in the proper light; and here we may end the brief description of a house indescribable in any short space, like the works before which we now stand still, because wherever the eye rests new little effects appear, with their own interests and associations.

A Pompeian ceiling, painted by Mr. Alma-Tadema.

One of the most beautiful points about *Mr. Alma-Tadema's* house, unlike the laboriously complete and careful *Queen Anne* houses, even of the best kind, is that,

that, having entered or quitted a room, no one detail fastens on the mind as "*striking*." Nothing seems to "*shout*," No detail should unduly attract the eye. or, as the *French* say, *tire l'œil*. The mantelpieces, the table, every chair, every ornament on every shelf, is worth scrutiny; but it demands no special notice. The mind receives an impression of colour, grave, rich, sombre, or dazzling—no more. All but the *tout-ensemble* is forgotten, save by a mental effort; and the *last* thing that strikes us is its cost. It is not an "*Owen Jones*" or "*Cottier house*," though all the science of those accomplished decorators may have been utilized here or there. It is not a "*Morrissey*" house, though *Morris* papers are brought in whenever they are wanted. It is not exactly a *Dutch* house, nor exactly a classic house, though much that is good in both has been pressed into service. It is essentially individual, essentially an *Alma-Tadema* house; in fact, a *Tadema* picture that one is able to walk through. An individual house.

We must devote a few words to the sleeping apartments, where the classic and *Oriental* element yields to the exclusively *Dutch*. Quaint effects of colour answer each other on stairs and landings, a small flight of steps here, another there. A bath-room painted with

*A fine
Dutch bed-
stead.*

*Coverlet of
rough
Indian stuff.*

*A cornice of
pannies.*

*An ingenious
lock—
designed by
Mr. Alma-
Tadema.*

water-lilies, a gas jet darting from a conventional butterfly ornament, odd little cabinets and curtains peeping from new nooks—everything comes as a fresh surprise on the eye. An old *Dutch* bedstead, charmingly inlaid, with canopy upheld by *Renaissance* statuettes in light brown oak, and coverlet of rough *Indian* stuff like fur, with initials in the centre, and beside it a *Dutch* portrait in its black frame, present a delightful and homely *coup d'œil*. A brazen candlestick hangs out a shocking temptation to read in bed; a curious old painted hanging-cupboard full of necklaces, and a beautiful ebony cabinet mounted in silver, complete the picture of *Dutch* comfort in about 1606. The walls are decorated with small yellow pansies, dotted along like a floral cornice. The floor is polished and brown, as with a century of beeswaxing.

Complete within and without, the exterior has received the due attention which every house should do in this gloomy *English* climate. Painted brown below and pale yellow above, it forms a pleasant point of colour at the *North Gate*. As the door reopens, with its vast internal lock in coloured metals—which spreads the initials "*L. A. T.*" over its entire space of wood—and the polished

polished outer side shuts to, with its unpainted veins and bronze mask, we feel that it is in thorough keeping with the rest of the *façade*. The supporting pillars, and cornice decorated with a fine *Greek* frieze-stencil in two shades of olive-green, this again sustaining two great vases of pale blue china, are a fine mixture of tints for the purpose.

And the quaint glass doorstep,
lighting the lower premises,
leads us down again
to the lobelia-
coloured
garden.

The *Bris*



IV.

The British Embassy in Rome.



THE decorations at the *Embassy* are thoroughly *Italian*. They are effective enough to supply a few broad hints to *English* architects and *English* decorators. Nothing is more striking in Rome than the ground space allowed to the *palazzi*, or larger houses ; and this, even when the lower rooms are sacrificed, gives an august impression unknown in our country. It is, no doubt, a fashion founded on the need of currents of cool air in summer. Ground rents are high in *Rome* (at least, *Romans* call them so), and rising annually ; but the wide entrance

entrance to houses of any calibre—whether it be as of old a great open courtyard flanked by colonnades, or a vast archway, or a series of covered halls—is a *sine quâ non*, and probably always will be. *A spacious entry.*

The house now occupied by the *British Embassy* was the *Villa Costaguti*, built by the cardinal of that name; it afterwards passed into the hands of the *Torlonias*, and has undergone considerable alteration at the hands of the present ambassador, *Sir Augustus Paget*. The outer door opens into a vast vestibule, built by *Pannini*, containing eight *Ionic* columns of white marble, which support the ceiling. The view is closed by an immense palm plant, as big as a tree, standing in a handsome basin on a cross landing, five steps high, dividing the first from the second or inner hall; and through three small cupolas, supported by *Bardiglio* (grey marble) pillars, we get a view of the staircase, some ninety feet distant.

This vestibule is so far *Anglicised* that rooms open out of it, instead of the whole space being devoted to the *concierge*; but all the chief apartments lie on the first floor. On the left a door opens into some of the private rooms, and just beyond, a flight of steps of the usual generous proportions

lead from the raised landing whereon stands the palm, down to the inner hall, on the same level as the vestibule. On the right open *Sir Augustus Paget's* "den" and a pretty old "pantry" (once a chapel), and hence the wide stairs ascend to the first floor.

*An inner
hall, fitted
with divans,*

The inner hall—a sort of portico, closed in with glass—is decorated with delicate graphites in black and white, after *Giovanni da Udine*, and is furnished as a cool lounge, with immense divans of scarlet, and *Oriental* carpets. An easel stands on one side, on which we recognize a portrait of *Miss Paget*, by *Mrs. Murch*, now of *Rome*, and more tall plants with long leaves move in the breeze from the open glass doors. The floor is mosaic, of course.

*and mosaic
floor,*

*opening into
a garden.*

The *Embassy* house is situated close to the *Porta Pia*, and its most striking feature is perhaps the garden, into which we now step forth. It is as large as the gardens of the *Quirinal*, and is valuable land, furnished with timber of unusual size for *Italy*, flowering shrubs of *salvia*, and pink roses dancing in the soft *November* breeze, fountains, &c. This land is bounded on one side by the ancient wall of *Aurelian*, on the two other sides by the new *Via Gaeta*, once the *Prætorian* camp, and *Via Castelfidardo*; and the winding

winding paths lose themselves beneath eucalyptus-trees and superb specimens of the peculiar umbrella pine which *Turner* loved. Towards the right we gain a magnificent avenue "190 paces long," says an old *Roman* guide-book—good long paces those!—entirely formed of evergreen oaks of great age and most weird and picturesque forms, the gnarled branches here sweeping the ground, there tossed into the cloudless blue, so as to recall our well-known *Burnham Beeches*, and always meeting overhead. The comfort as well as the beauty of such a walk in such a climate as *Italy* is very great. The value of the land in this quarter of the city, where building is industriously proceeding on all sides, is greater still. Yet the mournful fact was at once announced to us by *Sir Augustus* that this fine avenue is doomed!

*Beauty of a
long avenue.*

Half of the great garden is the property of the *English Government*, and attached to the *Embassy*; the other half is rented by *Sir Augustus Paget*, and on the expiration of his lease four months hence, an ugly wall will cut through the centre of the ilex avenue; the oaks will be felled; the singularly tall, ugly houses of modern *Rome* will lift their flat faces above the remaining trees; and *England* will lose

lose her chance of a prize. The sum asked for this remaining half of the grounds now belonging to *England* is high, of course, for *Rome* has become the capital of *Italy*, and is annually becoming a more important place ; but the price is not high compared with the future value of the land, which may be fairly calculated to outweigh the interest of the money invested. It seems incredible that our Government should not at once secure a *pied à terre* of such increasing importance, and, if it must be built on, build on it themselves—say a *British Academy of Fine Arts*, which is much needed—especially when we remember the extent of the *Medici Gardens* retained by *France* in *Rome* ; and the large share of the *Capitoline Hill* possessed by the *German Government*. A few months' respite still remains, and we trust that timely pressure will be brought to bear on this question, on which all the *English* residents feel very strongly.

Returning now to the house, we re-enter the inner hall and ascend to the first floor. The staircase wall is of imitation *giallo antico* and other marbles. The ceiling is made gay, after the time-honoured *cinq-ue-cento* manner, with pictures and "*Raphael*" scrolls. For this *Saffi* is responsible.

*A Raphael-
esque ceiling.*

The

The staircase itself, which fills an area of 27 feet by 47 feet, is copied from the *Scala dei Giganti* at Venice, with balustrades of perforated marble. It is lighted at night by tall bronze candelabra, which flame like torches à l'antique; by day, by six great windows. It is carpeted with *Helbronner's* peacock-green carpet, or something very like it, which contrasts pleasantly with the yellow walls.

*A marble
balustrade.*

*Candelabra
like torches.*

The upper landing, running the entire width of the staircase, is furnished as a lounge, with piano, easy chairs, &c., and draped with artistic materials between columns of marble on the staircase side. The walls and ceiling are copied from the room of *Nicholas V.* in the *Vatican*, the former painted with the semblance of green tapestry (a device as old as paint, but always effective), and the folds of the festoons are carried so cleverly around the angles of the doorways as to deceive for a moment. Against this wall stand couches, cushioned green with bold *appliqué* patterns in amber, which have a good effect; the backs made of panels of dark carved wood.

*Walls
painted to
represent
hangings.*

On the right we enter a pretty boudoir, wherein several old *Japan* and *Italian* cabinets supply their own harmonious colouring. A curious little table
of

*A curious
table.*

*Liberty's
portières.*

*Crude
colours
intelligently
used.*

*Screens with
growing ivy.*

of incised wood, about 3 feet by 2 feet, meets our eyes; it is an ingenious adaptation of an old stamping-panel for leather or velvet, and the pattern cut in it, being good in itself, and coloured red and blue, makes a very quaint table. The doors are all guarded by *portières*, of materials chiefly modern, and all good in tone. We recognize several of *Lazenby Liberty's* picturesque contributions, which, whether *Oriental* or *English*, require no comment. *Lady Paget*, herself an artist, is probably responsible for all the details. The rooms run *en suite* in a kind of circle, most of them pretty, and all pervaded by a pleasant, home-like air. Several of the mantelpieces are charming. Two rooms, coloured respectively brightest red and crudest grass-green, belong to the older part of the house, and represent a past phase of taste, or rather opinion, more peculiar than quite bad. They are wisely retained, as they give a touch of pleasant *bizarrerie* to the suite, otherwise somewhat too uniformly handsome. These two rooms are divided by a double arch with *portières*. We noticed with pleasure several of the cane screens covered with growing ivy, so common in *Germany*.

Passing through the dining-room, we reach

reach the oblong ballroom, 63 feet by 40 feet, with its musicians' gallery, supported by imitation *rosso antico* columns in pairs. The ceiling and frieze were painted by *Piatti*, copied from *Giulio Romano's* half-defaced decorations in the *Villa Madama*. Here there are no draperies to deaden the festive sounds; but curtains at the windows are simulated by paintings on wooden slips, after the style of the green tapestry before described. This is what *Italian* taste has always clung to, from the earliest times, as the ruins of the classic "*House of Germanicus*" (Palaces of the *Cæsars*) still show, up through the *Renaissance* till now. Simulated hangings, simulated reliefs, simulated distant views of mountains, even of ladies in balconies of a simulated "*next door*," delight the *Italian* soul—a fashion bad enough according to strict canons of art, but not unpleasing in *Italy*, its native place. By the same token the shutters of this ballroom, which exclude the sky by night, are painted to simulate the daylight sky glowing through trailing vines; by artificial light these shutters are really pretty. The eight *Venetian* chandeliers which supply this, are fac-similes of the celebrated lyre-shaped chandelier in the *Doge's* palace.

Again,

*A ceiling
copied from
Giulio
Romano.*

*Wood
painted to
imitate
curtains,*

Again, the pilasters along the walls
and Loves. are covered with paintings of *Loves*,
life-size, and apparently occupying the
real floor ; now laughing at the festive
scene, now crying at some small dis-
appointment, childlike. These also are
by the skilful hand of *Piatti*. Nothing
is more remarkable in *Italy* than the
ability in the wall paintings and frescoes
—a class of art unknown in *England*,
and unattainable by any decorator
short of an *R.A.* (who would of course
scorn the work). *Raphael* and *Giulio*
Romano were themselves first-class
decorators of this kind, but in them
the power redeemed the school, and
their false vistas, with goddesses, skies,
and what not, pass uncriticized even
by the strictest. It is curious that,
whilst modern *Italian* exhibition-rooms
show us only the weakest effusions of
mediocre talent in *genre*, the walls of
railway waiting-rooms and restaurants
such as the *Matteo*, and private saloons
such as this ballroom, often present
pictures in which the colour and
composition are admirable.

At the end of the ballroom a crimson
dais and throne are raised in honour
of that royalty whom the ambassador
represents ; at the other hangs a large
portrait of *Queen Victoria*, painted by
Lady Paget. Over the architraves of
the

the doors at either side are the words "*Victoria Reg. Imp.*" Now we enter the royal supper-room, furnished for a visit from *King Humbert of Italy*. The walls are covered above with the gilt leather paper made, if I mistake not, by *Jeffreys*, at *Islington*; it is the "*rose pattern*," and hangs above a black slate dado, painted by *Mrs. Murch* with well-conventionalized flowers. The work of this dado is capital, but the black ground absorbs the light, and in the evening does not throw up the quiet greens which tell so well by day. On these walls hang several pictures by *Lady Paget*. The royal sleeping apartments open hence, but, like the other bedrooms we passed through, are in no way remarkable.

One of the drawing-rooms leading back toward the staircase merits notice as a successful revival of the old fashion of covering large mirrors with paintings, forming false vistas by no means disagreeable sometimes. There are some very fine specimens of this curious work in the *Borghese* gallery (*Stanza degli Specchi*), painted by *Giosifri* and *Mario dei Fiori*, wherein *Loves* tumble amid wreaths in mid-air, and the ceiling carries out the deception of the walls. *Lady Paget* has herself covered the great looking-glasses which line the room

*Black
absorbs the
light.*

*Painted
mirrors
covering the
walls,
enlarging
the apparent
area of
rooms.*

*Open-air
effects.*

*Grotesque
scrollwork.*

*False vistas
common in
South Italy.*

room with trellis-work and tumbling cupids, life-size—a feat of industry which might well prompt *English* amateurs to be busy, and to improve, without destroying, vast sheets of looking-glasses. But such glasses ought invariably to be built into the wall, not hung upon it, when the effect is really pretty and aerial, startling though it may seem to *English* decorators. The hereditary love of the *Italians* for the open air, real or imaginary, and lovely gardens, natural or simulated, which lies at the root of all their national decoration, is very interesting, most so in its artistic results. The grotesque “*Raphael patterns*,” full of conglomerations of beasts and vegetation, are as clearly its outcome as the false vistas peopled with cupids or plain folk so common upon *South Italian* walls, both within doors and without. The remembrance of such a value affixed to gardens and groves in that brilliant and sultry climate should be the last feather to turn the balance whereon hangs the fate of the garden at the *English Embassy*.



V.

Mr. Boughton's House.



NE of the most charming houses in *London* is that built, decorated, and inhabited by *G. H. Boughton*. *Mr. Boughton* has brought from *America* a certain elegance of style in living which has not yet become common on this side of the *Atlantic*; less *posé* than *French* taste, more subtle than *English*.

The prevailing impression of the house is softness, refinement, harmony. There is nothing *bizarre* or eccentric, to startle and not seldom annoy. The affectation of eccentricity is often founded on vanity and ill-nature; here we find no affectation, neither of gaiety
nor

*Mosaic
floors.*

*Indian red
and salmon-
colour.*

*Opalesque
effects.*

nor of gloomy discomfort. Externally the house is handsome; the entrance through a semi-transparent door, on whose brazen plate "*West House*" is graven, gives upon a lobby lighted by the door panes and floored with mosaic. The whole is panelled with wood, painted *Indian* red, two tints, dull salmon-colour above. A few steps ascend to the main hall, furnished with velvet couches, autotypes, cabinets of old china, and a "*heater*," which is not only useful, but ornamental. One vast blue and white pot contains a large fern plant. From the hall on the left rises the handsome staircase; on the right open two of the rooms *en suite*, which we shall first enter. The first, or drawing-room, charmingly proportioned and lighted by a deep bay window, wears a soft indefinable bloom which is quite uncommon. The means by which this colouring is attained would be most perilous in less skilful hands. Pink and blue strive, but playfully, together on frieze, wall, carpet. The furniture, black lighted with gold, relieves without ever interfering with this harmony; golden panels, adorned with powerful sketches of *Spring* and *Autumn*, shimmer on one side; on another greenish and bluish porcelain and *Venetian* glass echo the

the keynote of the room. The mantelpiece, very prettily designed to enclose in its crannies innumerable cups and vases, is painted in two yellows, like the primrose. That this does not clash with the blue and pink is strange, but true. On either side two fine cabinets of black and gold *Oriental* lacquer give value to that end of the room, and confirm the various hints of *Japan* which appear here and there, in panel or curtain. The lower part of the wall is a warm yellow, and the yellow tones into browner amber on chair-seat and *portière*. The chairs are chiefly *Empire Chippendale*, but they are not restrained to discomfort. The period to which they belong is supported in the pretty *Empire* clock which stands on one of the cabinets, and illustrates the short-waisted costume which Mr. Boughton loves to immortalize in its best and quaintest form. Two pictures, and two only, (portraits,) hang on the wall, where they can be rightly seen. The *ensemble* of the room is decidedly mother-o'-pearl-like, with no strong point of colour inconsistent with a shell, save one broad mass of softened red, a big *Spanish* trencher above the yellow mantelselves; and all is pleasantly condensed into one *augeblick* in a convex mirror here and there.

Yellows well managed.

Not comfortable chairs.

Pale colours well used.

Out

*A pea-green
room.*

*Pale blue
blinds in a
pale green
room.*

Out of this pretty room opens the next, through hangings of amber and *Japanese* broi^dery. This room defines somewhat the pearly tint on the side of green. The wainscot, which runs high, is painted of such a green, or blue, as an infant pea forming in the pod, and is hung with fine etchings. The furniture is mainly covered in *Morris* chintzes. The windows, painted in softest tints, suggest lilies and long leaves, which are realized in numerous plants, flapping and hissing deliciously in the air. Blinds of pale blue silk soften without excluding the light, and the blue sinks into dark blue on the raven-tiles in the fireplace.

Opening again hence, the dining-room is a complete and charming contrast. Amber in general tone, the deep soft colouring of *Spanish* leather, gold, brass, and old oak combine with matting into a singularly pleasing tone.

The window is extremely beautiful, and very large. Under *Mr. Boughton's* direction, it was designed and worked by *Mr. Walden* in sunflowers and lilies on a deep blue ground; the panels so coloured are set in spaces of pale glass, in which the heads of the poets appear. This blue is borne out by peacock velvet here and there, on chair or table, and some beautiful bits
of

of turquoise porcelain. A number of admirable pictures and sketches cover the walls; one, a portrait of *Mr. Boughton*, by *J. Pettie, R.A.*, gave us particular satisfaction.

In the frieze two singular windows, Small circular windows, circular openings in the wall, offer a curious and pleasing effect, and one which might be oftener adopted. They bring in light, and that in a half-mythic fashion, for they are too high at once to catch the eye. They also carry out the circular form of plates which are lodged in niches and crannies and shelves. These circular windows are furnished with glass, also *Mr. Walden's*, of a faint apple-blossom pattern; the inner sides are lined with gold. with golden lining.

We trace *Mr. Boughton's* own hand in some dainty sketches, which raise one cabinet to the rank of a gem. A fifteenth-century lady in one panel, with tall horned cap, carries fruit to the festive board; the knave, in another, exhibits the fish he has just caught; the forester contributes his bird; the vassal pours the good red wine. Above, some very fine fragments of *Cordovan* Pictures and Cordovan leather set in oak. leather are set in oak frames; and hard by a black and gold screen, shielding the door, breaks the square form of the room, and adds that comfortable look which only a screen can.

E

This

*Green
shining
beyond red.*

This warmly coloured room is divided by curtains of the softest red plush, broken by grey, embroidered in large flowers, from the pea-coloured room, which shines beyond with charming effect.

*Tiny lattice
panes.*

Passing up the staircase, panelled with *Indian* red and fine old tapestry, we pass a sweet little low-ceiled arbour. The ceiling and walls are papered, the first with a yellowish design, the latter with a deep frieze of pinkish flag flowers, meeting a dado of matting. The furniture of this room is old marqueterie; the blinds are pale green, through which the tiny lattice panes form a pretty shadowed pattern. Here, too, we find much china, and a pretty panel representing a girl concealing a letter—a powerful sketch.

The studio is naturally the chief point of interest in the house, and the most difficult to describe. How can one take in fully the indirect results of individual thought, when the direct expression faces us on the easels? But this may not be spoken of here, and we must collect the details which make up the most comfortable, if not the most beautiful, of painting-rooms. The walls and beams are at present greyish drab in tone, the hue of all others best suited to set off other colours near it, and

and the colours occur in a profusion of beautiful *Oriental* rugs and embroideries. When this is changed to something richer, the risk will be considerable. The painting-room is hung with old tapestry all round; the gallery, such as musicians haunted in the ancient times—and haunt now on festive occasions—forming at one end of the room a nook which is particularly picturesque. *A nook and dais beneath the musicians' gallery.*

A deep oblong niche, painted grey, quite different from the walls, and ceiled with gold, contains a settee of soft colours; cushions and rugs of ancient *Persian* and *Indian* origin, ever beautiful, never to be worn out, strew floor and couch and throne.

The mantelpiece is set with tiles of bluish green, which remind us of old *Persian*; the hearth is deepest purple, and beside it winks the bird of wisdom, a huge owl, sketched by *Mr. Boughton* on a morsel of rough canvas, which seems to have constituted itself the presiding spirit of the place.

The many little indications of individual talent and taste which mark this house are too many for enumeration here, and it would be a pity if nothing were left for future admiration and surprise. Those who have seen these rooms by night, on those charm-

ing occasions of hospitality for which *Mr. and Mrs. Boughton* are conspicuous, are aware that the scheme of colour lends itself no less pleasantly to artificial than to daylight, and is fully worthy the painter of "*Evangeline.*"



Mr. Al-



VI.

Mr. Alfred Morrison's House.



THE beautifully situated houses in *Carlton House Terrace* are well adapted to persons of taste, for beautiful works of art require a good setting, and the eye, refreshed indoors with beauty, ought not to pass with a shock to mean and dingy surroundings outside. These houses have a good approach, and give at the back upon a pretty green terrace, which itself overlooks *St. James's Park*.

The first thing that strikes the entering visitor is a fine chest of *Renaissance* design, which occupies a considerable space in a very large hall. The next is the splendid portrait of *Queen Henrietta Maria* by *Claude le Fèvre*, which was

*Fine old
pictures.*

*Vases by
Zuloaga.*

*Wainscots of
fine marqueterie.*

was exhibited at *Burlington House* in 1879—the touching delineation of a face once beautiful, worn by sorrow, but always noble and royal. Opposite this hangs a small head of *Grotius* by the grand *Dutch* painter little represented in *England*, *Van der Helst*, and various other interesting pictures, ancient and modern, crowd the walls; one, a very early work by *Beltraffio*, is a particularly interesting study of *Italian* costume in 1467. The inner hall is crowded with handsome objects—a few antique busts, a huge bronze bull, enormous vases by *Zuloaga* in a curious kind of elaborate *Damascene* work, and a fine piece of modern *Palissy* ware, having the owner's monogram among its piscine contents. The library, study, and dining-room open to the right. The house has been entirely decorated from designs by *Owen Jones*, carried out by *Mr. Jackson*, of the firm of *Jackson and Graham*, and presents an appearance, therefore, of general unity seldom seen in houses so large. The decorations, under exceptionally favourable circumstances, occupied four years. The ceilings are very fine; the doors, wainscots, and many suites of furniture throughout the house are made of the finest marqueterie of inlaid natural woods, and satisfactorily answer the common

common complaint that modern workmen cannot, or will not, do the good work which ancient workmen did. The designs are often capital, and the technical part as perfect as possible. The cost must have been tremendous, and, as similar effects can be easily got by cheaper methods, the solid perfection of miles of conscientious inlaying is scarcely likely to be matched in the future. I may add that all the mantelpieces, like the panelling, are similar (not alike) in design in the chief rooms, slender columns beautifully finished inclosing handsome mirrors in such a manner as to make the construction occupy the whole height of the wall from the ground. This is as it should be, the mirror forming a panel, built in, not resting upon a mean shelf in a disagreeable inconsistent frame.

*Mirrors
properly
built into the
wall.*

Having thus drawn attention to the perfection of the modern work in this house by workmen properly trained, we go on to describe the general contents of the various rooms. The library, remarkable as containing no books, is a museum of interest by reason of its cases of rare *Roman* and *Phœnician* glass and porcelain. Here we enter upon the superb collection of antique embroideries, which gives a
character

Embroideries framed like pictures.

character to the whole house—embroideries from *Spain, Italy, and the Orient*; some of immense age, all beautiful, the meaner kind startling us on every table, stool, and couch, the finest framed and glazed on the walls. The original wall-hangings, provided by the before-named firm, are chiefly in silk, all handsome and rather conspicuous in design, like the marqueterie, and here and there they do not form a good background to what overhangs it, besides being themselves hidden; but the framed embroideries alone would fill several large rooms, and it is infinitely better to be able to see them at a glance than to pull them in and out of closets. The room enshrines *Leighton's* loveliest work, "*The Summer Moon*."

The "Summer Moon."

A Saracenic glass screen.

The dining-room is ornamented with fine massive pieces of plate, some antique, some modern. A curious screen of what seems to be *Saracenic* glass-encrusted work stands at one end of the room, and the walls are covered with *Indian* shawls and ancient brocades of immense value—pictures in themselves. Beneath them stand beautiful marble inlaid consoles and tables, almost concealed by their gold and silver burdens: among them a set of vast vases and a mighty plateau, by

M.

M. Zuloaga, in *Damascene*-like work. Plateau by Zuloaga.
 The study is equally well fitted up: all the friezes and ceilings are worth attention.

To the left starts the great winding staircase, with a solid balustrade of polished woods, far handsomer than rails. A balustrade of polished woods. The walls are studded with pictures by *Holbein* and his school; some in very fine early *Renaissance* frames, besides modern pictures by *Macallum*, *Brett*, and others. A curious modern clock, whose figures are represented by the name of *Mabel Morrison*, stands on the first landing.

The tea-room fascinated us more than any in the house, for here began the lace collection. We have not time to examine or describe what is hidden away in coffers of mother-o'-pearl, silver, and carved cedar which Mother-o'-pearl, silver, and cedar. stand under every cabinet and table; suffice it to say that the mantelpiece, curtains, and even the mirror, are edged with exquisitely perfect rose point, which will soon decay under the influence of *London* blacks and *London* washing powders—which fad-
 dens the heart—and that such pieces as are judged worth framing and glazing are suspended on the walls. Rose point used to trim furniture, framed and glazed.
 Some of these are entire altar-fronts of choice *Venetian* and *Spanish* point of marvellous

marvellous delicacy, in which the sacred *Hoft* and quaint angels and beasts figure. Rose point at least cannot be matched by modern fingers, brains, and eyes. The world will never again have leisure to perfect a skill, so minute, so tedious, and so fascinating. Many a nun, fanatic in religious fervour, must have blinded herself over those framed webs.

Rare china.

*Boule and
ivory
cabinets.*

The eggshell and other rare china in this room alone cannot be more than alluded to; it is a little room, choked by lace, old *Oriental* plates and vases, and cabinets of *Boule* work in silver and tortoise-shell, and *Oriental* ivory gilt in lace-like patterns.

The boudoir is similar, with more lace, more embroideries, covering every vacant space, and themselves covered with pots and ornaments, ivories and bronzes, some of great age, some modern. An exceptionally fine design in old *Spanish* work forms the tablecloth, of purple velvet, on which it has been transferred. The furniture is inlaid with woods in strong contrast.

The drawing-room repeats the same story. In the centre stands a fine piano, in an inlaid case designed by *Owen Jones*. Here and there the eye is caught by conspicuous and ingenious modern works, which relieve the laborious

laborious conscientiousness of the ancient world. A very curious old ivory statuette of the *Angel of Death*, riding forth, scattering the seeds of pestilence and famine as he goes, has all the naïve vigour of *Albert Dürer*; it is probably of somewhat later date.

Above stairs, the school-room, hung with a pretty paper of *Mrs. Morrison's* design, and a toy cooking-range for the children's pleasure, pleased us greatly; toffee, and more serious cakes and pies, are turned out in that little oven, and it is a very useful employment for the young people. *Mrs. Morrison's* private sitting-room is on the same floor. The embroideries still smother the couches and tables; but the walls are hung exclusively with the earnest and laborious landscapes of *MacCallum*. In the corners stand tall storks of *cloisonné*, about four feet high, *Cloisonné*. and beautiful in colour; various coffers and chests, which may contain part of *Mrs. Morrison's* fine collection of jewels, glimmer from beneath the inlaid tables of ebony and ivory. One of the most curious features of the house—an enormous cabinet, filled with a pretentious service of *Minton's* ware—occupies one wall of the room, in which the wide distinction between technical perfection and real artistic worth

worth points a very wholesome and instructive moral.

Time failing us, we can but glance at the collections of antique porcelain, of which the greater part is at *Mr. Morrison's* country house, before we repass the fine old pictures on the staircase, and, having smashed the tenth commandment into bits, go home. It is always difficult to believe that the owners of objects we long for appreciate them collectively and individually as much as we could ; but it is certain that here all these beautiful things are in good hands and enjoyed, and, what is more, intelligently preserved.

At the



VII.

At the Villa Campana.



THE studio of the well-known sculptor, *Mr. Warrington Wood*, in *Rome*, is so interesting, both as the present shrine of earnest and successful effort in the highest branch of art, and also by historical association, that it merits unusual attention. Overlying the summit of the *Cælian* hill, close to *San Giovanni in Laterano*, and commanding views across the beautiful *Campagna* which embrace the *Mediterranean* itself, the picturesque garden of this celebrated villa is glowing in the sunny comfort of a *Roman November*. We pass through tall iron gates into the curving drive, shaded by eucalyptus and other

other trees, which leads to what seems a temple of old *Rome*, with well-proportioned columns and pediment, around which the garden, gay with chrysanthemums, clove pinks, and the scarlet fire of *salvia*—which *Rome* is full of—winds, rises, falls, in the prettiest undulations. Within the temple (on the right hand) *Mr. Warrington Wood's* marble groups form a most appropriate ornament, but of these we shall speak later as we skim the history of the villa. On the left hand we enter the dwelling-house and the buildings devoted to the actual labour of the chisel, which last include the relics of ancient construction and decoration of enormous value.

The unfortunate and much-injured *Marchese Campana di Cavelli*, who died two years ago, was, like other members of his family, to whom for a century and a half the villa belonged, an industrious and fervent archæologist. He collected not only the curious traditions belonging to the place, but a magnificent array of art treasures, antiques, many of historical importance, partly dug out of his own grounds, partly received as gifts in consideration of his services.

The excavations of the *Campana* family discovered relics of unusual interest.

terest. Traces of *Republican Rome* were found within the villa, among them the remains of the great *Claudian* aqueduct which crossed this part of the *Cælian*. In imperial times the sumptuous house of *Plautius Laterans*, who conspired against *Nero* and suffered for it, reached from this point to the large piazza of *San Giovanni*, and of this palace remains were identified in the upper part of the villa, which communicated with the lower part by a tunnel, passing under the road of *S.S. Quattro*, and traversing some fine ruins in *opus lateritium*. Statues of great beauty were unearthed, also a magnificent *tridinium*, covered with well-preserved paintings. Of these, drawings were certainly made, and printed for private circulation in the pontificate of *Pius VI.*; but these are now as good as lost, being scattered with the treasures themselves, few know whither.

After the fall of the *Roman Empire*, the *Cælian* suffered greatly by the barbaric invasions; and after *Robert Guiscard* sacked and burned the place as far as the *Capitol*, it was deserted by its inhabitants, who were never afterwards able to repopulate it. The traces of early *Christian Rome* exist in remains of catacombs close to the villa.

Later,

Later, the ancient chapel of *Santa Maria Imperatrice*, dedicated to the worship of the *Virgin*, full of venerated images noted in the history of mediæval *Rome*, stood on the *Capian*, so close to the present villa that its wreck was purchased with contiguous ground by the *Marchese Campana*, who purposed to restore its primitive beauty and sanctity.

*Giotto's
frescoes.*

Thither the holy *Pontiff*, *Gregory the Great*, retired to pray, in the eleventh century. Within it merry *Giotto* and his pupils may have bowed the knee going in and out, while covering the walls and ceiling with their hearts' best thoughts; for the traces of frescoes, whose beauty and solidity have survived the vicissitudes of weather, profane use, and many whitewashings, have come to light on these old walls within the last few years; they are attributed to *Giotto's* own hand by various antiquaries—they are undoubtedly of his school. In more recent times the place served as an asylum to "*the blessed Paola della Croce*," founder of the *Order of Passionists*; and, later again, came into the possession of the *Campana* family, who enlarged and embellished the modest house they found, transformed the small monastic orchard into a flourishing

flourishing garden, and made it a sanctuary of art.

Among the most precious discoveries by the *Campanas* may be cited the large mosaic pavement now in the large *Sala Rotunda*, in the *Vatican*.

Treasures found near the Villa Campana.

Successive *Popes* and persons of the highest distinction were the guests of the *Campana* family, and encouraged the constant additions to the splendid collections. *Clement XIV.*, *Pius VI.*, *Pius VII.*, *Pius IX.*, the *King of Bavaria*, *Queen Victoria*, and the *Prince Consort* are among these honoured names. When the change of times and politics brought the *Marchese Campana* into discredit, his whole museum was seized, broken up, and sold. The ancient sculptures and bronzes, marble statues, sarcophagi, *Etruscan* vases, frescoes of *Raphael*, *erme*, *cippi*, *Etruscan* and *Roman* ornaments, pure *Greek* terra-cottas, many of them doubly interesting on the spot where they had been found, were purchased chiefly by *Russia* and *France*, and it is said at so cheap a rate that less than five million francs were paid for what was subsequently declared worth twenty millions. The colossal statue of *Jupiter Fidiacus*, found in the *Villa* of the *Emperor Domitian* near the *Lake of Albano*, was removed to

Distinguished guests.

St. Petersburg, with that of the consul *Caius Marius*, given to the *Marchese* by *Pius VI.*

For many years during the *Marchese's* imprisonment, the *Villa Campana* remained empty and in a very neglected state, and was bought five years since by its present owner, who has intelligently preserved and restored the villa. *Mr. Warrington Wood* has had the marvellous good fortune to discover another ancient fresco representing the *Annunciation*, on the walls of the old chapel (which now forms part of his working studio), wherein the greenish shadows and dainty grace of posture recall very decidedly *Stefano's*, if not *Giotto's*, work.

*A Giottoesque
fresco.*

Of *Mr. Warrington Wood's* position in *Rome* it were superfluous to speak here, as every one knows he was *Gibson's* favourite pupil, and is *Professor* of the *Academy of San Luca* and member of the *Archæological Society* in *Rome*, and his portraits of distinguished persons are too well known in *England* to need comment. He is a *Lancashire* man, and *Lancashire* has recognized him warmly. His statue of *Sir Andrew Barclay Walker* was unveiled two years ago at *Liverpool*, and his colossal statues of *Michael Angelo*, &c., for the same city, have been greatly commended.

mended. As we stand in the first chamber of the temple containing Mr. Wood's finished works, the most striking group is perhaps that which stands at the furthest limit, where its grand and graceful outline shines white against a dark-green curtain closing the vista—*Mr. Warrington Wood's "Gabriel conquering Satan."* The treatment of this is full of dignity, the archangel typifying spiritual more than physical strength, although the play of firm, unexaggerated muscle has been remarked by the best medical critics as unsurpassed in modern sculpture. The *Satan* is *Milton's Satan*—no ghastly phantasy, like that which *Spinello Aretino* painted at *Arezzo*, and then died of sheer fright at his own creation. Tall plants of graceful foliage stand against the pilastered wall of cream and soft yellow, dividing the marbles judiciously. The mosaic pavement is extremely fine, as is the whole decoration of the walls and ceilings, painted in capital taste by *Montevarni*, himself an academician of *S. Luca*, and decorator of the *Vatican*—here a dull red breaking the yellow, there judicious blues and greens relieving red. Well-chosen inscriptions form a frieze around the apartments of this charming edifice, such as "*Ars longa, vita brevis*," and the names of those

Decorations by Montevarni.

Motto for a studio.

who made *Greek* art great—*Phidias*, *Polyctetus*, *Apollodorus*, *Apelles*, &c.—are written on the walls.

The statue of "*Eve*," of which fix replicas were early demanded, occupies a prominent place in the first room. The form is so fine and conscientious a study that we miss in the face and head the mental constitution, the prophetic womanly insight, the infinite possibilities, animal and intellectual, which the face of the mother of all men should surely shadow forth: a criticism, however, which *Michael Angelo* himself is open to in his celebrated "*Moses*," wherein the head falls below the power and dignity of the torso. "*Ruth*" is also a well-known statue; and the portraits of *Lady Breadalbane*, the *Bishop of Manchester*, and other eminent persons, are very striking, and admirably placed in well-coloured niches. Never was a studio more captivating and more charmingly furnished.

*An organ at
the end of
the galleries.*

Presently the sound of organ music breaks the stillness; and as amid such surroundings our brain is full of the beings which art past and present delights to honour, we fancy for one moment that *Orpheus* is behind yonder curtain, tuning up for that unavailing rescue of *Eurydice*. Pushing the green folds aside, we behold the master of
the

the house in person dealing music from three keyboards and pipes all clad in grey and blue—an organ by *Hill*: and seating ourselves on the sofas which furnish this inmost chamber, surrounded with books and music that recreate after too absorbed an interest in marble, we listen to the strains of *Rossini* or *Gounod*.

The further privilege was ours to enjoy the warm hospitality of this eminent artist in rooms which give upon the loveliest views of shady garden or the reach of *Sabine Hills*. Here bounds a splendid dog, one of the graceful white sheep-dogs peculiar to the environs of *Rome*. There a velvet duck swims placidly about a pretty fountain, where statues by *Wyatt* break the waste of green and gold. *Mr. Warrington Wood* possesses the best turf in *Rome*, and, with the assistance of a *British* gardener, he has converted the *Italian* summer fun into a friend, not a foe.

In the working studio two unfinished groups bid fair to strengthen *Mr. Warrington Wood's* already secure reputation—one, that of *Samson* destroying the lion, wherein the writhing beast, with its dislocated jaw, has been conscientiously studied from life under tremendous difficulties, promises great things.

things. The other, *Oberon* anointing the eyes of *Titania* with the magic fluid, is still in the clay; it is most effective as a composition, two life-size figures of considerable grace and spirit.

With a less scholarly adherence to artistic traditions which discourage (except in portraits) expression in the face, and altogether repudiate an intellectual cast of countenance, even in the case of subjects where the loss is keenly felt, *Mr. Warrington Wood* has it in his own power to distance most competitors of his generation in his peculiar line. Let *Mr. Warrington Wood* invest his ideal faces with the character and vivacity which he knows so well how to put into his busts. His preference lies with subjects which demand thought, historical knowledge, and a warm imagination; but in modern sculpture, as in early *Greek*, the head, or crown of beauty, often puts a period just when the sentence wants to be concluded—in fact, the story is told by the torso, itself full of character,

splendidly modelled; the face is
an empty blank. We want a
Samson to break the
jaw of such a
rule.

Mr.



VIII.

Mr. Reuben Sassoon's House.



OME remarkable features belong to the large house in *Belgrave Square*, opposite *Sir Wilfrid Lawson's*, belonging to *Mr. Reuben Sassoon*. The house is fine in construction and plan. The decoration, almost exclusively modern, has very little *Oriental* about it. A small hall or lobby opens into a large square hall, furnished with large bronzes, replicas of the *Mercury at Rome* and other well-known statues; amber velvet curtains, which protect most of the various doors that open thence; an elaborate modern marble chimney-piece; and a vast malachite vase mounted in ormolu. Several marbled columns support the roof, and the

Amber velvet curtains.

Malachite.

*Ceiling
painted to
resemble the
sky.*

*Paint to
imitate in-
laid work.*

*Leads uti-
lized as a
skating-rink.*

*Chinese and
Japanese
embroideries.*

the staircase winds past huge sheets of looking-glasses to the drawing-rooms—a suite of three large rooms. The colouring of the first—if it can be said to have any definite colouring where the colours are so many—is old-gold mainly; the ceiling is painted to represent the sky, with clouds and birds. The second drawing-room is warmer in tone; and the third chiefly sky-blue, with doors painted in various blues to imitate mother-o'-pearl inlaying in floriated patterns—an effect which, however skilfully obtained, is open to the same objection as grained paint, and far less pardonable than a sky-coloured ceiling. Real mother-o'-pearl would have been a beautiful ornament; but the end here is quite beneath the means.

This room is raised from the others by three steps, and the only separation between them is heavy filken *portières*; and beyond opens yet a broad paved space, designed for a skating-rink, and set with flowers. The chief characteristic in all these rooms is formed by various *Chinese* and *Japanese* embroideries of the costliest description, but mostly modern, of which *Mr. Sassoon* has quite a collection. Screens, covered, painted, embroidered, in gold and the usual tropical birds, abound in all corners

corners; white storks and peacocks plume themselves on every side. One screen, the quietest in colour, was of a faint sea-water tint, with birds and clouds and scrolls embroidered on it by the exhaustless *Japanese* fancy. Every stool, ottoman, table, glimmers with raised gold work on the new "*high-art*" plushes and velvets; but the finest specimens form the *portières*, which are large, heavy, and gorgeous, doubled at every door, and certainly magnificent in colour—one in particular, a real old *Chinese* silk, of the peculiar old *Imperial* yellow, embroidered in small single sprays of brilliant flowers, liker to old *English* hand embroidery (which probably was taken from *Eastern* patterns) than to the florid designs most common in *Japanese* and *Chinese* art. The window curtains are mostly light blue satin and white lace. Over the doors rise panels containing pictures of the *Watteau* school.

All the details of furniture, fenders, woodwork, knickknacks, though palpably costly, are of the ordinary *London* kind. Only one or two very fine old *Chinese* lacquer cabinets, some of the hangings, and a few great clocks and candelabra of *Empire* date, are not modern.

The upper rooms are furnished after the same manner: the chief bedroom
in

*An ingenious
bath-room.*

in light blue satin and white lace. One very curious point is the number of baths which abound on every floor. One bath-room is a moist nook worthy of a mermaid who, accidentally stranded on dry land, forces science to supply the varied aquatic delights she is accustomed to. We find the common bath and shower bath combined in a kind of green alcove. On one side a row of stops suggests an organ, but in reality they apply to various parts of the whole apparatus, which breaks out in spouts upward, downward, sideways, sprays hot and cold, this way and that, gentle and fierce, according to the stop pulled. It is a most ingeniously arranged machine, from *Mr. Saffoon's* own design.

*Novel use of
lifts in a
London
house.*

Out of the hall whence the stairs start, various great rooms open; the library, boudoir, dining-room, &c., all handsomely accoutred in the first fashion; the latter contains a few pictures of the modern school. Every modern appliance of lifts and other facilities for saving the servants trouble is present. There are indeed three lifts in the house—the dinner lift, the domestic lift, and the stable lift; the last merits further description. Opening from the offices of *Mr. Saffoon* and his secretary, close to the dining-room, the coach-house

house surprises us, containing at least a dozen carriages, all having C springs, and every merit that money can buy. There are the four-in-hand, the curricle, two landaus, and many more, some of which are lodged in a second coach-house at the opposite side of the street. The horses, however, strange to say, are kept at the top of the house, in a stable reached by a leathern-padded lift, in which the animals ascend and descend every time they are required. They do not seem to mind ; one pony let down and raised for our delectation took the ups and downs in life quite kindly, and never moved an ear during the process ; probably the creatures do not feel the movement, and they cannot see the floors run by them, as the lift is guarded by sliding shutters.

A stable on the roof.

We went up to the stable in the horse-lift as an experiment, and in a moment emerged in a well-kept and most airy stable lined with pale-coloured tiles, in which stood eighteen or twenty horses of every size, shape, and colour. One of them was borrowed by *Mr. Boehm*, who knew of no other in *London* as beautiful, for the equestrian statue of the *Prince of Wales*, which recently departed for *India*. Above them is the coachman's well-furnished *habitat*, and this is the top of the house. From the

*Advantages
of lifts.*

the stable a staircase, as well as the lift, leads down to the coach-house and to the private rooms of the owner. We were told by *Miss Saffoon* how many had been the surmised objections to this divided stable arrangement; but it succeeds perfectly, and there has not been a day when the lift has been out of order, or when a horse has suffered from the novel conditions. It is singular that lifts are not more in use in the lofty *London* houses; they are a wonderful saving of time and fatigue; and in the present case the lift saves space. There are so many ingenious mechanical arrangements in *Mr.*

Saffoon's house, that an engineer is in residence to answer for their perfect working order.

Ashley



IX.

Ashley Park.



PRETTY journey to *Walton*, and a prettier drive from the station on a fine balmy *April* morning, bring us to the charming old messuage

called *Ashley*, which, as we are informed in the history of *Surrey*, "*with the lands thereto belonging was parcel of the possessions purchased by King Henry VIII. and annexed to Hampton Court, and subsequently granted by letters patent to Roger Yonge by King Edward VI. in the fourth year of his reign.*" The broad old carriage-drive leads up with blunt *Tudor* directness to the red-brick gabled building, mantled with splendid magnolia and ivies,

A Tudor mansion.

*Beauty of
ivy and mag-
nolia upon
red brick.*

*April
colours.*

*Picturesque
trees, with a
heronry.*

*Unfortunate
destruction
of Tudor
windows.*

ivies, which *Mr. Saffoon* purchased from *Sir Henry Fletcher*. Most picturesque was the site and the house itself. At this season, though *July* may be considered the best time for seeing it, there is a charm in the surroundings which cannot be found later in the year. The magnificent colouring of apple-trees and pear-trees in blossom, limes and other trees in bud or earliest leaf, telling like a reddish or bluish or pale yellow mist against the indigo darkness of fir woods, quite enchants us. There is perhaps nothing lovelier than sunny spring in a fir country, and *Ashley* is renowned for *Scotch* firs of unusual eminence and girth, wherein herons still build their nests in spite of the propinquity of busy life and *London*. The house was built (tradition says by *Wolsey*) in the form of an H, and until it came into the possession of the *Fletcher* family all the old square-headed windows were perfect. They have, however, been spoilt architecturally by arching, and two semi-circular excrescences have been thrown out, which have no name, though they have a local habitation on the front of the house, destroying the *Tudor* unity. Still, we cannot deny that the round windows and the smooth projections are pretty enough if they were but accurate ;

accurate ; and the grounds—with the *Pretty old-fashioned grounds.* old well, the ancient low stables, the long laurel avenues, and broad straight walks—are delicious. A vast lawn spreads to the west (the back of the house), another to the south, into which the banqueting-hall opens, and where another wing stretched, until *Sir J. Fletcher* destroyed it to save the cost of repairs. On the north side a dear old orchard and farmyard, and numerous glass houses, are reached by a tall iron gate ; great beds of lilies of the valley, and strawberries, and many another thing that makes life pleasant, extend along the high red walls covered with fruit-trees. This part of the grounds is divided from the lawns by the ordinary but ever-charming *Italian* garden, which in summer is a blaze of colour, enclosing an old stone fountain ; and on all sides the splendid timber recalls *Pepys'* quaint commendation of *Beauty of fine trees.* “*an excrescence provided by the Almighty for the payment of debts.*” Some of the trees are fully thirteen feet in circumference three feet from the ground ; and contribute a stately charm that nothing but fine old trees can do.

The hall, as we enter it from the great door, is very spacious, and occupies the entire height of the house, with a gallery at one end, and windows

at

Grained
painting—
a noisome
"Queen
Anne"
ornament.

at both ends. It is panelled with oak well moulded and carved, but alas! covered with that noisome ornament so dear to *Queen Anne* taste—grained painting. To paint oak in imitation of oak is indeed "*gilding refined gold*," but our ancestors of last century delighted to do it. Everything is grained except the coloured *Fletcher* arms in the compartments. An old school picture of *Henry VIII.* hangs in one of the lower panels, among some modern portraits; above are some portraits of the *Lely* school, and some curious old weapons—halberds, cross-bows, &c.—which have belonged to the house for an unknown time. To the right we enter a long passage panelled with oak, which leads to the usual sitting-apartments, which are painted white and gold, with mantelpieces built in that indefinable style dear to *Renaissance* artists, like the broken pediment of a classic temple; a mode which I have elsewhere traced to the worship of wreck.* The dining-room is a very pretty room, the sole decoration being a few portraits, let into the panels, of the *Viscount Shannon* and his family, to whom the house belonged in

* *The Art of Decoration*, p. 87.

in 1718, and who probalby modified much of the *Tudor* fashion in the rooms to the fashion of his day—conspicuously the drawing-room, which he papered with such vast branches and birds of paradise, in harsh colours, as people then loved to bear about on their backs and heads in sacque-and-powder times; and which, though interesting as a relic of *Queen Anne* “*taste*,” are scarcely more pleasing on walls than on dresses.

*Queen Anne
“taste.”*

*A real Queen
Anne wall-
paper.*

On the left from the hall, opens a pretty octagon-shaped room, whose corners are filled with shelves covered with *Oriental* china, and a few pieces of blue and white. This room is furnished with last-century marquetry, and the cabinets exhibit some charming treasures, such as a great pipe of amber, embroideries worked with pearls, &c.; beyond is the banqueting-hall or ball-room, running the entire breadth of the wing, and having many windows. The ceiling is supported by groups of *Corinthian* pillars, between which open tall arched doors.

Returning to the hall, we mount the main staircase of good old oak, with an open balustrade of a beautiful *Rena-*
scence pattern, scrolls of acanthus supported by boys; this has been painted and gilt. The upper rooms are panelled,

*A fine Re-
naissance
staircase and
balustrade.*

G

and

and have the old oak doors, with their lofty locks and charming old hinges. Most of the doors are double. In one mysterious passage, of which the wall is hollow, we come upon a monumental escutcheon, behind which some unknown ancestor is said to be buried—a dismal furtive we would rather not accept.

Then we come upon other rooms, which run in every direction, with all the old contempt for economy of space. Passages here, closets there, steps up, steps down, till we reach the billiard-room, which is very spacious, and temptingly furnished.

The two wings of the house are connected by the long gallery visible from the hall. In one of the bedrooms a curious old suite of furniture is still in use—a bedstead (without a canopy) the whole frame of which is covered entirely with crimson silk, coverlet and all to match; and some old armchairs, fully broad enough for two persons to sit in. Some of the old ceilings remain, and a few pieces of seventeenth-century carving, notably an old press and charming mantelpiece in oak, which reach the ceiling.

The furniture of the house is chiefly modern, with, of course, a decided dash of *Oriental* taste. Some portraits
by

*A bedstead
covered with
silk.*

by a *Persian* artist of members of
the *Saffoon* family, in their *Oriental*
habiliments, form a quaint
contrast with the *Rena-*
scence and *Queen*
Anne character
of *Ashley*
Park.





X.

*Mr. Haseltine's Rooms in
Rome.*



R. WM. HAS-
SELTINE'S
apartments in
the *Palazzo*
Altieri in *Rome*
are worthy of the
building. The
Palazzo was
built from *Gio-*
vanni Antonio

Rossi's designs by *Cardinal Altieri* in
1670; and it was formerly celebrated
for the magnificent art collections and
MSS. which adorned the library. Now
Prince Altieri occupies the first floor
only of the vast old edifice, and above
him dwells the artist whose collections
demand a brief survey.

The entrance of the *Palazzo* is
similar to that of the *Borghese* and
others—a great courtyard flanked with
colonnades, decorated with sculptures.
On the right we enter, and mount the
lordly

lordly *Roman* staircase, with its wide, shallow, uncovered steps of stone, which eight abreast can almost run up or down without noticing that the level changes—a manifest improvement on the steep stairs of classic *Rome*, which *Renaissance* architects may well be lauded for. The statues and busts which ornament the wide landings were mostly discovered in digging for the foundations of the palace. Double doors of oak, painted black, with lions' heads upon them, open into *Mr. Haseltine's* apartments, and we immediately recognize the *habitat* of an industrious and intelligent collector of all beautiful things. We enter a small corridor leading into a second, which itself opens into the central room, or hall, as *English* habit would call it, whence the living-rooms run in three directions. On the right a pretty vista of four drawing-rooms (divided only by curtains, and throughout which is laid a pathway of red and black cloth) lead to the dining-room. Tall plants, palms, and tree ferns wave from the corners of the hall. Here an old cabinet of *Swiss* wood and *Swiss* work, with its curious old locks intact, stands against the wall; there is a fine *scaldino* of *repoussé* copper, pierced into lace-like patterns; and beside the door a specimen

An Italian Renaissance staircase.

Old Swiss cabinets and metal-work.

A scaldino of repoussé copper.

X.

Mr. Haseltine's Rooms in Rome.



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Prince Altieri occupies the
only of the vast old
him dwells the
demand a be-

ranked with
in sculptures
and mount the

by Cora
the time
one at a
time to
know
of what
the world
is like.

*An Italian
Renaissance
Staircase.*

*An antique
brass lamp.*

*A room
panelled
with Gothic
carved oak.*

*Portières of
tapestry.*

men of old hammered iron, forming flowers and coloured bosses, has been turned to account, and supports a brazen basin and ewer. From the centre of the carved ceiling hangs an antique brazen lamp. The form is pear-shaped, and small cupids support the chains. The walls are covered with pictures, specimens of silk, *Renaissance* carving in wood and metal. The first of the vista of rooms, all lighted from the left side, is small, and panelled with fine *Gothic* carvings, pointed arches and tracery in high relief, catching the light from windows glazed after *Powell's* manner, with small circular panes. Antique silks break the masses of black wood, which might otherwise be too grim, and the carpets are of course chiefly *Oriental*. Here a tall credence bears statuettes in terra-cotta, there a cabinet stands out from amongst green leaves. The *portières* are chiefly tapestry throughout, in which the colours, softened by time, not art, nor evanescent like colours made studiously to look like faded age, go well with every afterthought. The second room has a blue wall, and amongst many more modern conveniences, two or three cabinets of old *Neapolitan* work catch the instructed eye. These are broad and square, with friezes of splendid wood relief

relief by *Giovanni da Nola*; spirited figures, dogs and men modelled with all the force and knowledge of *Renaissance* art, and full of fancy, move and breathe upon it. Below, drawers set with marble, onyx, and other precious stones in little *plaques*, supply the colouring needed. *Renaissance* taste was bold, and even in the matter of keyholes dared to assert itself. Hence the *plaques* of stone, being five across the front, and too fine to drill through, send the detail of keyholes to the right-about; so these requisites stand aside on the alternate tiers of drawers, now to the right, now to the left, cut in the dark wood that frames the *plaques*. Of this kind of cabinet Mr. Haseltine possesses several very handsome specimens. On the walls a good many interesting old pictures are hung. Part of a triptych by *Van der Goes*, full of careful detail, and rich in harmonious colour, hangs on one side of the fire; on the other certain old *Italian* works, dark-coloured like *Dutch* landscapes. A seventeenth-century mirror, made of pieces forming a wheat-sheaf, charmed us much; also some curious old *Italian* pictures in silk stitchery.

Furniture carved by Giovanni da Nola, and set with precious stones.

A mirror forming a wheat-sheaf.

The next room has at present a wall of white and gold; but the owner projects carrying the tapestry, which now covers

covers the mantelshelf wall, all round the room, which will be a vast improvement. The piece at present hung has a fine seventeenth-century design, with a capital border full of little figures. The dining-room is a well-proportioned and handsome room; warm-coloured, being entirely covered with tapestry relieved by *Hispano-Moresque* and brass plates.

*Fine old
tapestry.*

From the hall aforefaid the studio opens *en face*; two large and handsome rooms, coloured red, with fine old ceilings of the date of the *Palazzo* itself, carved in wood and painted. The finest tapestry adorns the walls; the longest walls are almost covered by fifteenth-century single pieces, of great size and beauty, one of them a composition of more than one hundred figures, in costumes which recall *Van Eyck*, in capital condition. One of them is a very quaint picture of the "*Last Judgment*," and is equal to any of the famous pieces at *Berne*.

Putting aside the charming modern works of art which crowd *Mr. Haffeltine's* easels, of which I cannot here speak, the walls present continual delights in the form of early metal work, ancient *Swiss* furniture, pots of majolica, fifteenth-century bronzes, *Moorish* plates, and early painting. Among the latter,

a curious little altar-piece, by *Albert Dürer's* master, painted on a gold ground, is a precious possession. A *Swiss* buffet of old inlaid wood, with its zinc lavatory, dolphin, and basin, is serviceable as well as handsome, standing within the door of the painting-room.

The furniture is of the time of
Louis XV., painted black
and gold, with seats
of imitation
Gobelin.



Mr.

1



XI.

Mr. Stebenson's House.



THE "*Red House*" on *Bayswater Hill*, overlooking *Ken-sington Gar-dens*, has been for so long a familiar object that many persons have forgotten that it was almost the first specimen of the free classic style mis-called *Queen Anne*. *Mr. Stevenson* began by following enthusiastically the *Gothic Renaissance* movement, but transferred his affections when practical experience convinced him that *Gothic* architecture and decoration have many demerits as applied to modern houses, especially town houses. The waste of space, the frequent inevitable darkness, which

which complicate the difficulties of *Gothic* domestic architecture when it has to be combined with nineteenth-century ideas of comfort and luxury, are avoided, according to *Mr. Stevenson*, by the adoption of the classic, of course in its more picturesque forms. Red brick, with mouldings, bands, arches, and other projections sufficiently accentuated to "*tell*" in our dull climate, is in reality the natural material for building in *London*; while its colour, when kept clean enough to announce itself at all, is certainly the pleasantest contrast with an habitually grey sky, and trees that struggle in vain to wear a very vivid green.

The "*Red House*," with its handsome ruffet *façade* and niche holding a *Nankeen* vase, has been so continually parodied by cheap builders possessed by the idea that red brick, a blue pot, and a fat sunflower in the window are all that is necessary to be fashionably æsthetic and *Queen Anne*, that it is a mercy the original house still stands to point a wholesome moral. And the carefully-thought-out internal arrangements, at once beautiful and comfortable in their well-ventilated and well-lighted homeliness, are a standing reproof to the senseless affectations (if not ignorant blunders) of pitch-dark stairs and passages

ages in certain æsthetic dwellings, where mediæval quaintness and classic grace (*if* either result) are purchased by the risk of a broken neck and every guest's disgust!

No dark corners.

The plan of the *Red House*, floor by floor, is worth study for the real convenience and picturesqueness attained, as was to be expected of its architect. There is not an inch of waste space—no dark corners—and every modern convenience in gas, hot water, ventilation, and drainage has been provided.

A dado of black marble.

Bevelled plate glass.

The entrance is by a long covered way from the gate, alongside a square grass-plot, forming the front garden. This way is paved, open on the garden side, and the wall on the left is covered with five curious pictures in *Dutch* blue tiles, dating, as the costumes tell us, from the early part of last century. Passing by these pictures, we reach the door by a few steps, and enter a small lobby, having a black marble dado and pavement, highly polished, and, above, large *plaques* of *Persian* tiles set in alabaster. A second door, glazed with bevelled plates, which are in themselves very decorative "*traps to catch a sunbeam*," leads into the main hall, containing the principal staircase, and from which the chief rooms open.

The hall is panelled with oak some five

five feet up the wall, and is papered above with one of *Morris's* boldest papers in green tones. The wall rises to a considerable height ; at the top is a deep frieze, well modelled in plaster, *A fine frieze.* representing dancing nymphs. Here show the concrete arches which form the construction of the floors, divided into panels by oak beams, and from this panelled ceiling hangs at present an iron chandelier. We note on the right, as we enter the hall, a handsome pews of inlaid woods and ivory, in that kind of work which *English* workmen copied from *Italian*, or *Italian* workmen may have done in *England*, in *Tudor* times and after. On the left is a door leading by stone steps to the back garden, called the *Children's Way*. here, too, stand an old family clock and a curious old oak chair. A very handsome mantelpiece in old carved oak, panels and brackets laden with *Nankeen* and enamels, furrounds a fireplace flanked by the beautiful *Persian* tiles which are a prominent *Persian tiles.* feature of *Mr. Stevenson's* house, and their rich peacock tints on a milky ground harmonize sweetly with the oak. A tall brazen fender of good hammered *A tall brass fender.* metal contributes its own vivid colour to the *coup d'œil*. On the right open the morning and dining rooms. The former

former is very blue, without being cold. The bluish paper is broken by pictures, all more or less interesting—a portrait of one of *Mr. Stevenson's* daughters, a portrait of himself, by *Chalmers*, and some old pictures of the *Greuze* school. Over the chimney-piece hangs one long narrow picture, said to be the portrait of *Elisabeth of Bohemia*. A quaint old oak chair stands beside a dear little stove set in *Persian* tiles and brass. The fender is brass, like that in the hall.

*Mantelpiece
carved by
Aumonier.*

*Brass and
Italian
pottery on
oak.*

*Old Dutch
folding-table*

The dining-room wall is washed green, and a fine oak mantelpiece, carved by *Aumonier*, enclosing a portrait of *Mr. Stevenson* the elder, and an antique buffet of carved oak, are the most prominent features. On the shelves of this buffet some nice pieces of brass and pink *Italian* ware are pleasant bits of colour. Various old pictures, one of them a portrait of *Queen Charlotte* when a child, adorn the walls. The windows are protected by outer shutters, the old "*jalousies*," and are curtained with crimson velvet. In the bay stands an ancient *Dutch* folding-table, octagon-shaped, and carved with small figures in relief.

On the same floor, the library opens pleasantly on the garden. This room is reached by double doors, enclosing

a space lighted by *Morris* stained glafs. *Morris's glafs,*
 The household offices lie to one side,
 and on the other is a useful coat and
 hat room. The library is papered
 with *Morris* paper of pinkish-blue tone, *and wali-paper.*
 and all the woodwork is light green
 —mantelpiece, bookshelves, and dado,
 all well designed and neatly moulded.
 The door is of the *Queen Anne* form,
 with a high lintel. The mantelpiece is
 flanked on either side by settles of
 green-painted wood, at once seats and
 cupboards. A long settle, covered in *A long settle.*
 red chintz, looks very restful; and
 various tables crowded with books and
 plans point to the continuous work to
 which the room is sacred: there are
 no curtains, as the room is the haunt
 of smokers. The dark ivory-coloured
 frieze is an excellent piece of design by *A frieze by Bodley.*
Mr. Bodley.

The old-fashioned garden is reached
 by steps of stone, and from this point
 the house looks absolutely like a seven-
 teenth-century dwelling. The green
 mulberry-tree with its circular seat, and *An old garden.*
 the old evergreens, are charming, and
 the quiet is delicious.

As we mount the handsome oak *A handsome staircase.*
 staircase, with its carved and panelled
 newels and massive balusters, we are
 reminded of the ancient country houses
 of *Renaissance* date. A spacious window
 brings

*Aumonier's
carving.*

brings in plenteous light, above a little conservatory built of glass and lined with *Persian* tiles. Two big pots of *Chinese* enamel, set with tall lilies, stand on either side within it. Some pictures ornament the walls, including one by some unknown *Italian* artist. All the oak is carved by *Aumonier*.

*A fine fire-
place set with
Persian tiles.*

On the first floor a splendid fireplace warms the landing which connects the drawing-room with the principal bedrooms. This fireplace is a blaze of *Persian* tiles, forming beautiful designs in the characteristic peacock tints, and is the handsomest in the house. A pretty mirror with open-work frame, of beaten brass, through which the glass shimmers white, hangs hard by. The drawing-room is pale in tone, with yellowish wall, cream-white ceiling in a beautiful raised pattern, and frieze (as yet unfinished). Several big convex mirrors dot the walls, among sketches by *Rossetti*, *Artz*, *Orchardson*, *MacWhirter*, and *Colin Hunter*. Old *English* candelabra of gilt wood, carved with eagles and hunting trophies, hang beside a fine old *Venetian* mirror in black and gold. An *Italian* cabinet of ebony and ivory stands between two of the windows. The chairs are *Chippendale* and eighteenth-century *French*. The carpet is light coloured, containing much

much white and green—a very fine old *A fine Indian* one. The mantelshelf is of white marble inlaid with yellow, and carved with musical emblems and a centre carving of children acting a *Bacchanalian* procession. A large marqueterie cabinet at one end of the room is crowded with fine blue and white china. The proportions of the room are extremely fine, and it is spacious, occupying the entire breadth of the building: a second smaller drawing-room opens out of it through folding doors. The chief bedroom, on the same floor, is papered with yellow, with corner cupboards, ingeniously arranged by *Mr. Stebensson*, and painted white. The bed is a tall structure of ebonized wood, and the curtains are indigo stuff.

The rest of the house—and there are bedrooms to accommodate a large number of persons—is capitally planned. The bedroom staircase, of stone, not oak, some protection in case of fire, ascends to the top of the house, and here and there glimpses of it, railed off by oak balusters, break the wall spaces prettily. Over the doors *Invisible* ventilators are sunk in the lintels. Every possible space is utilized for cupboard, bath-rooms, napery-press, or coal-hole, as it could only be utilized

H by

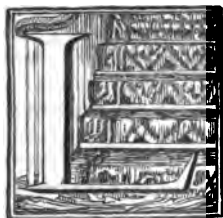
by an architect of ability—and an architect, too, living in the house he has built. The nursery is secluded at the back of the house, and when reached, up and down quaintly winding stairs, overlooks a wide panorama of gardens and houses as far as *Hampstead Heath*.

Nothing can be more ingenious, or more homelike, than the plan of every floor. Every pipe can be reached without trouble and without disfiguring the walls. Every cranny is lighted, every step visible, although the house "*is crinkled to and fro*," as *Chaucer* says; and nothing can be more certain than that with due thought and knowledge on the part of the architect a house may be at once a picturesque creation without and within, and a luxurious home.



XII.

A Bijou House.



ILLIPUTIAN

beauty has its charm as well as *Brobdignagian*, though the latter seems more fashionable to reside in; and those who have small

space at command for decoration may be interested to hear how ingenuity has lately succeeded in doing great things with a very little house, which from being, I imagine, originally even *mesquin*, has become almost imposing—quite dignified. It is one of the smallest abodes in *Wilton Place*, belonging to *Miss Hozier*, and has been entirely decorated by the rising architect, *Mr. William Wallace*, of *Old Bond Street*.

*Great things
done with a
very little
house.*

A very little door opens into a very little

*A tiny niche
utilized.*

*Scinde rugs
for stair
carpeting,
and broad
brass stair
rods.*

*A niche con-
verted into a
cabinet.*

little hall, which certainly at first re-
vives the sensations of *Alice* in *Won-
derland* when she found herself so
inconveniently too large for the *White
Rabbit's* house. The street door and
the little half-doors within are made
“*thorow-shining*” with tinted quarry
glafs, which lightens the passage. What
was once the “*front dining-room*” door
has been sealed up, and the small
niche gained is utilized as a pretty nest
for umbrellas. A tiny table accom-
modates the cards of visitors, and then
at once begin the stairs, full face.
How disagreeable a small flight of
stairs facing us can be we all know;
we would rather not be reminded.
This flight has become an ornament.
Instead of a strip of the very narrowest
carpeting, which might have shown a
few inches of painted wood on either
side, every inch of the stairs' width is
covered with *Scinde* rugs sewn together,
forming a very pleasant velvety bed.
The flat rods of shining brass relieve
the somewhat murky red, and the wall
is maroon, passing into terra-cotta
colour, and finally into an antique
blue, in horizontal stages.

At the turn of the stairs an ugly
niche has been converted into a very
elegant cabinet for *English* china, of
which the owner has a pretty collection.

The

The woodwork is treated in the *Japanese* fashion as to shelves, but some of the close perforating is rather *Moorish* than *Tartar*. It is of well-fitted solid walnut, and is backed with *Japanese* leather paper.

The ordinary little mean staircase window has become a tempting seat, fitted with brown satin cushions, the sides and upper part being lined with old oak carvings of *Italian* origin. The window has been slightly thrown out, and the glass concealing the outside "*leads*" has butterflies and birds irregularly dotting the quarries.

Then comes one of the most ingenious features. Where the narrow stairs ascend to the "*drawing-room doors*," *Scinde* rugs and soft-coloured paint have formed a narrow, bright-coloured alley, closed at the end by a big mirror, that of course deceives the eye as to the extent of the vista, and in which you get a complete reflection of the said bay window. Before it hangs a fine lantern in hammered brass; above it a deep shelf supports more china.

*A mirror
used to dis-
semble
distance.*

*A shelf above
a door.*

But the alley by no means leads to the drawing-room. A sort of passage has been built out over the leads, supported on iron pillars, and this forms the very quaintest introduction

*An ingenious
approach to
a small
drawing-
room.*

to

*Yellows well
managed.*

to the drawing-room, through glass doors which once formed the back windows. This charming *détour* ascends two steps, carpeted with *Eastern* webs, under an archway painted in two delicate and transparent yellows, which give the eye precisely that refreshing "*fillip*" which a sharp flavour gives the palate sated for the moment with a rich taste.

*Deep friezes
for small
rooms, and
bold pat-
terns.*

The yellow here strikes the keynote of the drawing-room (once two tiny cells), which, without being a yellow room, has yellow like a resonant echo sounding through all the other colours. The ceiling is papered with a very small pattern, amber on white, so small that at a distance it presents only a general creamy ground, with a sort of "*texture*" in the cream, like rough drawing-paper stippled over. I have seldom before seen this effect out of a water-colour painting. This is bounded by a very deep frieze (a bold stroke in so small a room), the frieze being cream with an *Adams* pattern, swags and vases in plain gold. Here and there the gold on such a tint disappears into a sort of amber-brown; but in places the shimmer of gold comes out with very refined effect, like sun on a watery surface. No colours relieve either the gold or the cream. The wall is papered with

with a more pronounced amber in geometric pattern, and the chintz upon the chairs and corner settees is undeniably yellow, the two tints seen in a daffodil. These gradations of tone form a very sweet harmony, and are relieved by the blue *Persian* carpets, Blue Persian carpets. and by the bluish fringe, two feet deep, A very deep fringe. which conceals the mantelshelf, and the darker velvet that disguises the jambs. Pretty *caffones* and cabinets of fine old work, such as ebony and silver, old marqueterie, and *Spanish* leather, but all conveniently tiny, mark the angles of the room, and give a soft note here, a strong one there, as is meet and right. Kelims and other *Eastern* *portières* shield the glazed doors and the windows. A gorgeous stool, covered with gold embroidery on orange silk, is redoubled in the narrow mirror dividing the windows.

A mirror of seventeenth-century work hangs on the wall, and various *Chelsea* knicknacks on the broad mantelshelf crowd beneath a looking-glass of really fine eighteenth-century pseudo-classic design, A mirror of pseudo-classic design. inclosing a painting in dark hues like old leather, representing *Phaeton*.

The upper rooms having been surveyed with pleasure—for the whole house is of a piece, with delicately coloured

coloured woodwork and carpets—we descend along the mysterious alley before noted to the dining-room and library. What good taste has done with the two little back and front parlours is a marvel, and in the quaintly crooked room formed out of them *Mr. Wallace's* peculiar gift for rich and soft combinations of colour has had full play. The “*Queen Anne*” (i.e. in this case *Empire*) element is present, but not accentuated or driven to death. *Empire* taste has only been pressed into his service when it was good, and when it added to, not destroyed, the sense of warmth and comfort.

*A fine old
mantelpiece.*

One of the two orthodox fireplaces has been done away with, only that in the fore part of the room retained. It is now a fine point of interest; the mantelpiece itself being an old stone one, nearly flat, and, though narrow, running up the whole wall. It encrusts several very fine *Persian* tiles, whose lovely purples relieve the grey stone; in the centre a golden mosaic, surrounded with onyx balls, is let in.

*A deep frieze
in dark
colour.*

The ceiling of this room is blue (from which hangs a fine brazen sepulchre lamp, with *repoussé* cherubims and twisted brass ribands), and it is divided from a dull red wall by a frieze two feet deep of *Japanese* leather paper, fuch

such as *Mr. Liberty* first imported, cut into panels by *Japanese* mouldings of thin dark wood. An *Empire* convex mirror, above the *Chippendale* side-board at the farthest end of the room, contributes a point of moving light.

The door is painted in a dice-like pattern, somewhat *Egyptian*, and gives a point of interest, as a cabinet does. This doll's dining-room is really charming in tone, and, compared with the monstrosities miscalled after *Queen Anne*, with which wealth so often surrounds its festive board, seems palatial—through a diminishing glass.

A snugger opens at the hall's end, of which the soft bright decoration shines through the unclosed door with as quaint an effect as the distant vista in an old *Dutch* picture, say by *Van der Meer* of *Delft*. This is the library; and the eye is refreshed on entering from the *Scinde*-rugged stairs by a high blue dado, with a frieze so deep that it covers one-third of the wall. The frieze is papered cream in a fine "*sun-flower*" pattern. A ledge between it and the blue affords a resting-place for a fine collection of broad plates. The ceiling—*Mr. Wallace* has always recognized the artistic propriety of colouring ceilings—is yellow. The mantelpiece, of *Adams'* design, is surmounted

*Kelims used
to shield
doors.*

mounted by a "*Queen Anne*" divided mirror, of simplest shape, in an oblong frame; the grate is set in *Dutch* tiles. Kelims, dhurries, and other foreign hangings give a comfortable look to doors and tables, and the chairs, which are mostly about as old as the century, but by no means so severely "*Queen Anne*"* as never to be easy, are covered with good *Morris* chintzes.

*Shrewd use
of tints.*

What is chiefly remarkable about this bijou house is the skill with which every inch of room has been utilized and made to look like two inches, and the bad structural features treated so as to help, not damage, the general effect; and this can only be done by great experience and knowledge of the receding and projecting effects of certain colours. All the houses decorated by *Mr. William Wallace* have a certain soft, rich, dainty tone about them, quite individual, and absolutely different from the now-vulgarized "*Empire*" frigidities; and (what is very important) *Mr. Wallace* does not deprive the inhabitants of all voice in their own decoration,

* To explain the apparent confusion of terms, I may remind readers how I have elsewhere shown that the slang term "*Queen Anne*" means almost anything just now, but it is ofteneft applied to the pseudo-classic fashions of the *First Empire*.

decoration, having a repertory of knowledge large enough to work in the character and tastes of the owners.

Though I have often examined with interest *Mr. Wallace's* work on a very much larger scale, I have never till now

been convinced that no house is too

ugly, or too inconvenient, or

too small, to repay money

spent in making it

beautiful.

*No dwelling
is too small
to beautify.*





AN ALPHABETICAL TABLE, CONTAINING ALL THE PRINCIPAL MATTERS HANDLED IN THIS BOOK.

A.



ITCHISON, Mr., decorations and furniture designed by, 2, 6, 9.

Alabaster, Mexican, used for window panes, 27.

Alhacen, a fine, 6.

Alphabets carved humourously in a mantelpiece, 17; painted on bookcases, 18.

Altieri, Palazzo, apartments in the, 84.

Anne, Queen; see Q.

Antique brazen mask used as a knocker, 23.

April colours, 78.

Arab Hall in Sir F. Leighton's house, 5; *Arab colour*, 16.

Arch, a divided, 10; a delicately ridged, 26, 27.

Apsley Park, 77.

Aumonier's carvings, 94, 96.

Avenue, beauty of a long, 37.

Asulejos, Syrian, for wall-face, 7.

B.

BALUSTRADE, a marble, 39; of polished woods, 57; a *Renaissance*, 81.

Basin, a beautiful, inlaid with silver fishes, 20.

Bathroom, a pretty, 31; an ingenious, 74.

Bedroom, golden furniture for, 19; scarlet, 21.

Bedstead, a fine *Dutch*, 32; a quaint, 21; covered with silk, 82.

Black

Black and white, 7; black absorbs light, 43.

Bold colour well used, 14, 18.

Bold patterns well used in small rooms, 102.

Boughton, G. H. A., house of, 45.

Boule cabinets, 58.

Brass used for its colour, 3; font of, in a hall, 3; in steps, 29; lamp used as a chandelier, 85, 104; in a fender, 93; broad stair rods, 100; with coloured pottery on oak, 94.

Bright colour, *English* dread of, 14.

Bronze, use of green, for its colour, 4; doors, 15; bas-relief for letter-box, 15; antique, utilized for plugs and handles, 20.

Burges, Wm., R.A., house of, 13.

C.

CAMPANA, the *Villa*, 61; treasures of, 63; distinguished guests of, 65.

Candelabra, like torches, 39; bearing hunting trophies, 96.

Carpet, *Oriental*, 10; a fine old *Indian*, in green and white, 97; blue *Persian*, 103.

Carvings by *Aumonier*, 94, 96; carved *Renaissance* balustrade, 81.

Cassone, used as a divan, built into the balustrade of the stairs, 10.

Ceiling, picture set in, 8; painted after the *cinquecento* manner, 38; after *Giulio Romano*, 41; to resemble the sky, 72; coloured, 105.

Chairs, *Arab*, inlaid with looking-glass, 9; a fine old chair, 27; not comfortable, 47.

China on black, 9.

Chinese hangings, 73.

Cloisonné, 59.

Coach-house and stables at top of a house, 75.

Conventional ornament and naturalistic ornament both allowable, 18.

Cooking-range, a toy, 59.

Coral used for tap handles, &c., 21.

Coverlet of rough *Indian* stuff, 32.

Crane, Walter, mosaic frieze by, 7.

Crude colours well used, 40.

Crystal, goblets of rock, 17; knobs of, 19; shelves of, on washstands and tables, 19.

Curtains, amber velvet, 71.

D.

DADO, pea-green, 48; of black marble, 92; of oak, 92.

Dais, a nook with a, beneath a gallery, 51.

Dark colours well used, 4.

Decorations by *Aitchison*, 2, 6, 9; *Walter Crane*, 7; *Burges*, 13—22; *Sassi*, 38; *Platti*, 42; *Owen Jones*, 54; *Montevarni*, 67; *Wallace*, 104.

Details

Details, none should unduly attract the eye, 31.
Devonshire spar, 6.
Dhurries used to protect doors, 106.
Divan, a *caffone* serving as a, 10.
Divans, scarlet, 36.
Doors, absence of, 25.
Dutch room, a pretty, 26.

E.

E*GYPTIAN* jug, use of an, 3; pattern on a door, 105.
Embassy, British, in Rome, 34.
Embroideries, framed, 56; *Chinese* and *Japanese*, 72.
"Empire" furniture, 106.
Enamel, big pots of *Chinese*, set with lilies, 96.
Entrance, a spacious, after the *Roman* manner, 35; an ingenious, for small drawing-room, 101.

F.

F*ALSE* *vistas*, popular in *South Italy*, by *Raphael* and *Giulio Romano*, 42.
Fireplace surmounted by a window, 8; a fine, 96, 104.
Fish painted *au naturel*, inoffensive in skilled hands, 21.
Flowers painted *au naturel*, also inoffensive, 19, 32.
Fountain, merits of indoors, adding pleasure of found to pleasure of sight, 6.

Frescoes, *Giottesque*, in Rome, 64, 66.
Friezes designed by *Walter Crane*, 7; by *Burges*, 19, 21; by *Alma-Tadema*, 32; by *Stevenson*, 93; by *Bodley*, 95; deep, in small rooms, 102—105.
Fringe, very deep, on mantelshelf, 103.

G.

G*ARDEN*, an old, with mulberry-tree, 95.
Gems set in drinking and other vessels, 17; used for tap handles, &c., 20, 21.
Giotto, after, *frescoes* in the *Villa Campana*, 64, 66.
Giovanni da Nola, furniture carved by, 87.
Glass, Venetian, 8; proper use of stained, 16; used for knobs, crystal cut, 19; bevelled plates, 92; *Morris*, 95.
Gold, painting on, for panels, &c., 18; suite of bedroom furniture, 19; ceiling and wall, 27.
Gothic oak carvings, a room panelled with, 86.
Grained paint objectionable, 80.
Green, water, 6; pea-, a room in *Mr. Boughton's* house, 48; seen beyond red, 50; wood-work in smoking-room, 95.
Grotesque scroll work, 44.
Grounds, pretty old-fashioned, at *Aspley*, 79.
Guests, distinguished, at the *Villa Campana*, 65.

Hall,

H.

HALL of *Narcissus*, 4;
Arab, 5; painted in
 mediæval fashion, 15;
 an inner, fitted with great
 divans, 36.
Heater made ornamental, 46.
Holiday, Henry, a bedstead painted
 by, 21.

I.

INLAYING, modern, in
Mr. Morrison's house, 54;
 shells and marble on wood,
 21, 87.
Iron, old wrought, utilized by
Mr. Haseltine, 86.
Ivory used on light wood with
 brass cabinets, delicately gilt,
 58.
Ivy growing on cane screens,
 40.
Jones, Owen, his work for *Mr.*
Morrison, 54.

K.

KELIMS, 104.
Knives with jewelled
 handles, 17.
Knocker, an antique brazen
 mask utilized for a, 23.
Koran, verse from the, over
 entrance to *Arab hall*, 7.

L.

LACE, mounted as pictures,
 57.
Lamp, antique brazen, 86.
Leads utilized for skating-rink,
 72.
Leather, antique *Spanish*, 25,
 48, 49, 103.
Leighton, Sir F., P.R.A., house
 of, 1.
Letter-box, suggestion for a, 15.
Liberty, Lazenby, 40, 105.
Lifts, novel use of, in a *London*
 house, 74; advantages of, 76.
Little house, great things done
 with a, 101—107.
Lock, an ingenious and artistic,
 designed by *Mr. Alma-Tadema*, 32.
Lounge, a cosy, 36.

M.

MALACHITE, a vase of,
 71.
Mansion, a *Tudor*, 77.
Mantelshelf, a fine, 97, 104.
Marble used by *Giovanni da*
Nola to decorate furniture,
 87.
Marbles, English, used by *Sir*
F. Leighton, 6; used by *Wm.*
Burges, 17.
Mediæval feeling carried into
 nineteenth-century manners
 and customs, 18; a mediæval
 pleasaunce, 18.
Mexican alabaster, window
 panes of, in *Mr. Alma-*
Tadema's house, 27.
Mirror,

Mirror, used to dissemble distance, 43, 101; formed like a wheatheaf, 87; pseudo-classic, 103.

Mirrors, fitted in chairs, 9; painted, to cover the entire wall, 43; properly built into the wall over mantelpieces, 55.

Moorish trellis work, 6, 19.

Morrison, Alfred, house of, 53.

Mosaic floors, 36, 46.

Motto for a dining-room, 9; for a wash-hand stand, 21; for an entrance, 23; for a pianoforte, 25; for a studio, 67.

N.

NARCISSUS, *Hall of*, instance of poetic colouring, 4.

Naturalistic and conventional ornament, both admissible, 18.

Niche, a tiny, utilized, 100.

Nola, Giovanni da, carved reliefs by, 87.

Novel use of pictures, 14.

O.

OAK, pictures and *Cordovan* leather set in, 49.

Old English method of decoration, 13—22.

Opalesque effects, 46.

Open-air effects, 44.

Oriental, and other hangings, to divide arches, 10.

Ornaments, useless, in *Mr. Boughton's* house, none, 16.

Owen Jones, his work for *Mr. Morrison*, 54.

P.

PAGET, paintings by *Lady*, 40, 42, 43.

Paint simulating draperies, 39; inlaid work, 72; grained over oak, 80.

Painted mirrors covering walls, 43; enlarging apparent space, *ib.*

Pale colours well used, 47, 48.

Palm-tree, a large, used to divide two halls, 35.

Panels, antique, of rosewood and oak, 26.

Panes of *Mexican* alabaster, 27; lattice, 50.

Panther skin, use of a, as a fine bit of colour, 12.

Parthenon frieze reproduced, 11, 27.

Peacock, use of a, for its colour, 3.

Pea-green, colour for dado, 48.

Persian tiles, 93, 96.

Pianoforte, a painted, 24; *Alma-Tadema's*, 28.

Piatti, decorations by, in *Rome*, 41.

Pictures, fine old, 54.

Picturesque trees, with a heronry, 78.

Pleasaunce, a mediæval, 18.

Pompeian room, painted by *Mr. Alma Tadema*, *R.A.*, 29.

Queen

Q.

"**QUEEN ANNE**" in her right place, 90, 98, 104.

Queen Anne, bad fashion of graining paint, 80; original wall-paper, 81.

R.

RED, *Indian*, and salmon colour, 46.

Red brick, beauty of magnolia upon, 77; suitable material for *London* houses, 91.

Roof, an available space, utilized, 72, 75.

Rose point and other laces used to trim furniture, 57; framed and glazed, *ib.*

S.

SASSOON, *Mr. Reuben*, house of, 71.

Scaldino, old *repoussé* copper, 85.

Scarlet, bed of tulips, used as a vigorous antidote to a green garden, 19; colour for a suite of furniture, 21.

Scinde rugs for stair carpets, 100.

Screens covered with growing ivy, 40.

Shewels framed and glazed, 56.

Shelf above door to hold china, 101.

Shating-rink on leads, 72.

Stables built upon leads, 75.

Stairs, uncovered stone, 2, 85; covered with rugs, 100.

Staircase, a picturesque, 2; fine *English Renaissance*, 81; *Italian Renaissance*, 85; handsome modern, 95.

Stories, decoration of furniture and friezes with, 15.

Swift, old, cabinets and buffets with lavatories, 85, 89.

Symbols above doorways, 16.

T.

T**ABLE**, fitted under another, 11; a curious, 40; old *Dutch* folding, 94.

Tadema, *Alma*, house of, 23; *Pompeian* ceiling painted by, 30.

Tapestry, fine old, 50, 51, 86, 88.

Tender colour well used, 47, 48.

Terra cotta, 11.

Tiles as wall coverings, 7; let into a stone mantelpiece, 104.

Trees, picturesque, with a heronry, 78.

Tudor mansion, a, 77.

V.

V**ASE** of malachite, 71.

Velvet walls, 29.

Ventilators, invisible, 97.

Vestibule, purple, called after *Narcissus*, 4; formed by simultaneously opened doors, 24.

Villa

Villa Campana, 61; treasures found near the, 65.

Violent colour well used, 14, 17, 19.

Vistas, false, popular in *Italian* decoration, 41, 42, 44.

W.

WAINSCOTS of fine mar-
queterie, 54.

Walden, painted glass by,
48, 49.

Wallace, colouring by, 106.

Walls painted to resemble
hangings, 39; curtains and
life-size Loves, 41, 42.

Wapsthand, a beautiful designed
by *Mr. Burges*, 20.

Water used for its colour, white
or green, 6.

Whiteness corrected by deep
shadows, 26.

Window over a fireplace, 8;

of fine coloured glass, 16; a
latticed, 26; a beautiful, of
Mexican alabaster, with elab-
orate leading, 27; small
circular, with golden lining,
49; destruction of fine cot-
tage-headed, 78.

Wood, *Mr. Warrington*, house
of, in *Rome*, 61; his statue
of *Gabriel*, 67.

Y.

YELLOW vase, a, 16; yel-
lows well managed, 47,
102.

Z.

ZENANA in *Sir Frederick*
Leighton's house, 10.

Zuloaga, *Damascus* work by,
54, 57.

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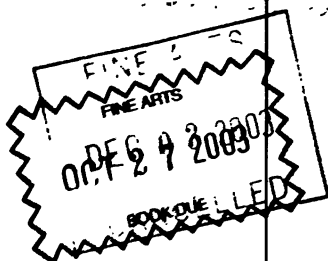


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